THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MAY 26, 1906 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

The Fighting Chance

By Robert W. Chambers.

DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

Billy Fortune and the Only Girl

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

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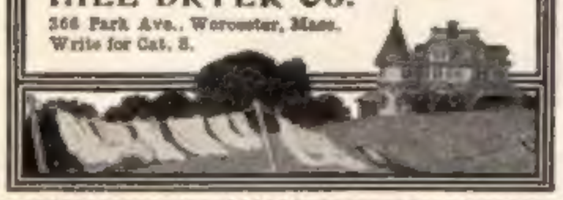

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PLAYER FOLK

Collin Kemper as the Engine

A THEATRE about to be built in New York—the Astoria—is to have a stage of the kind long known in Germany as a *Drehbühne*, on which three scenes can be set at once and revolved in turn into the space just behind the curtain. The proprietors are to be the firm of Wagenhalls & Kemper; and Mr. Kemper lately indulged in a reminiscence of a time when he was manager of a stage with very different equipment.

One summer in his early youth, being virtually stranded, he found himself up in a New Hampshire village with a lot of other player folk in a similar plight. The chief attraction of this village was the fact that the price of table board, when put into the amount of money he still possessed, gave as a result the number of weeks that must pass before he could hope to be employed again. But the place had a largish town-hall, and Mr. Kemper conceived the idea of enlisting the theatric colony to give a production which he hoped would furnish them all with railroad fare when the time came to go back from the woods to Broadway.

The play he chose was a melodrama on the order of Under the Gaslight, in which the heroine was bound to a railway track by the villain, and rescued by the hero just in time to save her from a railway train that thundered across the scene. Now, Mr. Kemper is a versatile man in his line. He is, moreover, so fond of scene-painting that to this day he wields the four-inch brush as a pastime. So he got along swimmingly in this rustic venture until it came to the locomotive, and there his chief obstacles were the limitations of his stage and his pocketbook.

He painted two flats, picturing the locomotive and its tender with a hotel lamp for a headlight and a pan of live coals to represent the fire. He and an assistant were to take them in their hands and rush them across the stage on a single track. In the performance all went to the delight of the townspeople until the "great" scene. Then Mr. Kemper's assistant took stage fright, tripped on his own heels as he sidled across the boards, and in falling carried Mr. Kemper, the locomotive, the headlight and the pan of coals headlong upon the stage. As they lay prostrate on the flats with their astonished faces toward the audience, the villain rushed in, doused the glim, and shoveled the coals back into the pan in time to save the hall from fire. The play had no second performance, but it contributed very strongly to Mr. Kemper's respect for adequate mechanical appliances, of which his new theatre is one of the results.

Identified

NOW that James J. Corbett has taken rank in his new profession as an interpreter of Bernard Shaw, he deprecates all allusions to his earlier vocation. It is, accordingly, with mingled feelings that he tells the following story:

A little man came up to him in a restaurant, and shook him by the hand. Mr. Corbett did not recognize him, and made the apology that he met so many people.

"Do you remember the time you came back from Colorado?" asked the little man expectantly.

As that was the occasion on which he went down to defeat before Fitzsimmons, Mr. Corbett admitted that he had not been able to forget it.

"And when the train reached Jersey City there was a crowd on the platform to see you?"

Mr. Corbett confessed that he remembered being the exhibit.

"Well," concluded the little man triumphantly, "I was the feller in the brown hat."

Arms and the Player Man

FEW Americans realize what the South African War meant to England who have not seen with their own eyes how deeply the call to arms was felt in the peaceable professions. An American dramatic critic, who happened to be in London when the soldiers were returning from the front, was walking one night to the theatre with William Archer, the translator of Ibsen and the leader of the modern English critics. He happened to be interested at that time in Ibsen's use of symbolism, and broached the subject to his host. Time and again Mr. Archer cut short his answers to point out a Tommy Atkins and tell by his uniform what regiment he belonged to and what battles he had served in.

After the play the two critics were joined by F. Anstey Guthrie, the "F. Anstey" of Vice Versa and Punch's Pocket Ibsen, who had just written The Man from Blankley's. Now, the American thought, there would be occasion for some real discussion of the serious drama. But Mr. Guthrie proved only more interested than Mr. Archer in the passing Tommy. Finally the American asked in despair what might be the superlative charm his companions found in pill-box caps and swagger sticks. Then the Englishmen explained that they were members of a volunteer regiment, and that though they had not been sent to the front they had served together in the army manœuvres at Aldershot. The rest of the evening was spent in reminiscences of camp life.

Robert Loraine, now appearing in the leading part of Man and Superman, is another of the theatrical Tommies. He not only went to the front, but served in sixty-three battles beginning as high private and ending with the rank of sergeant. It is amusingly characteristic of English human nature that he is very reticent on the subject—as Mr. Archer and Mr. Guthrie are garrulous. Only his more intimate friends are aware of the ardors of his fighting.

Dignity and the Actress

MISS ISABEL IRVING adds to a natural reserve of manner a thorough belief in the old Daly tradition, the cardinal principle of which was that there was no time during rehearsal or performance for anything but the business of the theatre. As a consequence of refusal to join in the comradely nonsense of stage life, the actors with whom she is playing are likely to regard her as cold and distant. This, at least, was the case in The Toast of the Town, the impression being perhaps confirmed by the fact that, as the vain and volatile Mistress Roxana, she has made one of the striking successes of her career.

Out of the scene she was as dignified and unapproachable as she was kittenish and irrelevant in it.

Time revealed how mistaken the impression was. One evening, a certain one of the "extra ladies," or supers, was so ill as to be scarcely able to get through with her part. After the performance Miss Irving went to her and told her that her cab was waiting at the stage door to take her home. Such thoughtfulness in the principals of a cast is very rare. At Christmas each of the minor members of the company received from her a little book with Miss Irving's autograph. Her associates, at first disposed to be critical, are now warmly admiring.

In private life Miss Irving is the wife of Mr. W. H. Thompson, one of the most artistic and versatile of the elder school of actors.

The Actor as Critic

THERE is no critic whom the actor holds in such dread as the fellow-artist, and with reason, for no eye is as sensitive to flaws as that of the professional craftsman; and of all artists actors are probably the most likely to be rendered acute by personal rivalry. Miss Ethel Barrymore has made it known that she considers newspaper criticisms as a negligible quantity; but at a matinée lately, when Miss Fritzi Scheff was in a stage box, she betrayed the most thorough embarrassment, and gave a most uneven performance.

Only a few days before Miss Margaret Anglin played the great emotional scene of Zira in a benefit at which Bernhardt sat in a stage box. Miss Anglin started the scene in too high a key, and long before its climax reached her top note. It is probable that she has never appeared to so little advantage. After the performance Madame Bernhardt is said to have expressed herself with generous enthusiasm, and asked Miss Anglin to play Pelleas to her Melisande in Maeterlinck's little piece. If she actually did so, it would seem that her critical acumen was sufficient to see that the defects of the performance were the result of sheer accident.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued today from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Letters to Unsuccessful Men

Are you anxious to succeed? Do you believe that nothing succeeds like failure—or was it success that the maxim-maker meant?

What is success? Is it the control of one of the world's necessities and an income of a million or so? Is it fame? Power?

A half dozen men left a small Middle West town and started out in different directions to find success. All but one of them achieved what the world branded as success. That one came back in the end to edit a small country newspaper, interested himself in local politics and spent the rest of his time getting acquainted with Nature on a twenty-acre farm.

A Failure he terms himself—with whimsical humor—and he writes a series of letters to his rich and famous friends, "Unsuccessful Men" he calls them.

Letters to Unsuccessful Men by a Failure is the title of his series. We shall begin publishing it in an early issue. It handles questions of more than passing interest; it deals shrewdly with life, and talks to the point, though in terms of good humor and sound sense.

Money or Brains?

Is it the "barrel" or good gray matter that pays the freight to Washington? Is a senatorship the crowning triumph of a successful dollar-getting career, or is it a public service that should be within the reach of the man best fitted to do the Nation's work? In these days, when the dollar counts more and buys less than it has for some years, a glimpse of the dollar at Washington is interesting. Senator Albert J. Beveridge has some positive opinions on the subject and expresses them under the title, *Rich Men in Public Life.* The first article will appear next week.

Mortmain

Mortmain is a story of surprises; a plausible sort of a story that lulls the reader into the insecure belief that he clearly sees the end of it. But not until the last word has been said has the plot been fathomed. Then the turn is so sharp and unexpected that one gasps at the sheer audacity of the story teller. There's art in the telling of a good story, and this is a *story* in the best sense of the word. It is written by Arthur Train, the creator of McAllister and His Double, and will be published in next week's issue.

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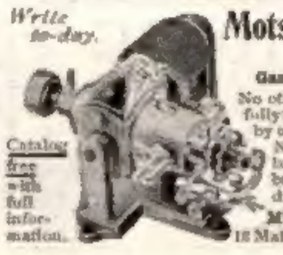

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THE FIGHTING CHANCE

DRAWN BY ARLEN MCCONNELL

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF IOLE, ETC

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I

THE speed of the train slackened; a broad tidal river flashed into sight below the trestle, spreading away on either hand through yellowing level meadows. And now, above the roaring undertone of the cars, from far ahead floated back the treble bell-notes of the locomotive; there came a gritting vibration of brakes; slowly, more slowly, the cars glided to a creaking standstill beside a sun-scorched platform gay with the bright flutter of sunshades and summer gowns.

"Shotover! Shotover!" rang the far cry along the cars; and an absent-minded young man in the Pullman pocketed the uncut magazine he had been dreaming over and, picking up gun-case and valise, followed a line of fellow-passengers to the open air, where one by one they were engulfed and lost to view amid the gay confusion on the platform.

The absent-minded young man, however, did not seem to know exactly where he was bound for. He stood hesitating, leisurely inspecting the flashing ranks of vehicles—depot wagons, omnibuses and motor cars—already eddying around a dusty gravel drive centred by the conventional railroad flower-bed and fountain.

Sunshine blazed on foliage plants arranged geometrically, on scarlet stars composed of geraniums, on thickets of tall flame-tinted cannas. And around this triumph of landscape gardening carriages and automobiles backed, circled, tooted; gayly-gowned women, whips aslant, horses dancing, greeted expected guests; laughing young men climbed into dog-carts and took the reins from nimble grooms; young girls, extravagantly veiled, made room in comfortable touring-cars for feminine guests whose extravagant veils were yet to be unpacked; slim young men in leather trappings, caps adorned with elaborate masks or goggles, manipulated rakish steering-gears; preoccupied machinists were fussing with valve and radiator or were cranking up; and, through the jolly tumult, the melancholy bell of the locomotive sounded, and the long train moved out through the September sunshine amid clouds of snowy steam.

And all this time the young man, gun-case in one hand, suit-case in the other, looked about him in his good-humored, leisurely manner for anybody or any vehicle which might be waiting for him. His amiable inspection presently brought a bustling baggage-master within range of vision; and he spoke to this official, mentioning his host's name.

"Lookin' for Mr. Ferrall?" repeated the baggage-master, spinning a trunk dexterously into rank with its fellows. "Say, one of Mr. Ferrall's men was here just now—there he is over there, uncrating that there bird-dog!"

The young man's eyes followed the direction indicated by the grimy thumb; a red-faced groom in familiar livery was kneeling beside a dog's traveling crate, attempting to unlock it, while behind the bars an excited white setter whined and thrust forth first one silky paw then the other.

The young man watched the scene for a moment, then:

"Are you one of Mr. Ferrall's men?" he asked in his agreeable voice.

The groom looked up, then stood up:

"Yis, sorr."

"Take these; I'm Mr. Siward—for Shotover House. I dare say you have room for me and the dog, too."

The groom opened his mouth to speak, but Siward took the crate key from his fingers, knelt, and tried the lock. It resisted. From the depths of the crate a beseeching paw fell upon his cuff.

"Certainly, old fellow," he said soothingly, "*I* know how you feel about it; *I* know you're in a hurry—and we'll have you out in a second—steady, boy!—something's jammed, you see! Only one moment now! . . . There you are!"

The dog attempted to bolt as the crate door opened, but the young man caught him by the leather collar and the groom snapped on a leash.

"Beg pardon, sorr," began the groom, carried almost off his feet by the frantic circling of the dog—"Beg pardon, sorr, but I'll be afther seein' if anny of Mr. Ferrall's men drove over for you——"

"Oh! Are you not one of Mr. Ferrall's men?"

"Yis, sorr, but I hadn't anny orders to meet anny wan——"

"Haven't you anything here to drive me in?"

"Yis, sorr—I'll look to see——"

The raw groom, much embarrassed, and keeping his feet with difficulty against the plunging dog, turned toward the gravel drive where now only a steam motor and a depot wagon remained. As they looked the motor steamed out, honking hoarsely; the depot wagon followed, leaving the circle at the end of the station empty of vehicles.

"Didn't Mr. Ferrall expect me?" asked Siward.

"Aw, yis, sorr; but the gintlemen for Shotover House does ginerally always coom by Black Fells, sorr——"

"To be sure!" said the young man. "I remember now. I should have gone on to Black Fells Crossing; Mr. Ferrall wrote me!" Then, amused: "I suppose you have only a baggage-wagon here?"

"No, sorr—a phayton"—he hesitated.

"Well? Isn't a phaeton all right?"

"Yis, sorr—if th' yoong lady says so—beg pardon, sorr, Miss Landis is driving."

"Oh—h! I see. . . . Is Miss Landis a guest at Shotover House?"

"Yis, sorr. An' if ye would joost ask her—the phayton do be coming now, sorr!"

The phaeton was coming; the horse, a showy animal, executed side-steps; blue ribbons fluttered from the glittering head-stall; a young girl in white was driving.

Siward advanced to the platform's edge as the phaeton drew up; the young lady looked inquiringly at the groom, at the dog, and leisurely at him.

So he took off his hat, naming himself in that well-bred and agreeable manner characteristic of men of his sort—and even his smile appeared to be part and parcel of a conventional ensemble so harmonious as to remain inconspicuous.

"You *should* have gone on to Black Fells Crossing," observed Miss Landis, coolly controlling the nervous horse. "Didn't you know it?"

He said he remembered now that such were the directions given him.

The girl glanced at him incuriously, and with more curiosity at the dog. "Is that the Sagamore pup, Flynn?" she asked.

"It is, miss."

"Can't you take him on the rumble with you?" And, to Siward: "There is room for your gun and suit-case."

"And for me?" he asked, smiling.

"I think so. Be careful of that Sagamore pup, Flynn. Hold him between your knees. Are you ready, Mr. Siward?"

So he climbed in; the groom hoisted the dog to the rumble and sprang up behind; the horse danced and misbehaved, making a spectacle of himself and an agreeable picture of his driver; then the pretty little phaeton swung northward out of the gravel drive and went whirling along a road all misty with puffs of yellow dust which the afternoon sun turned to floating golden powder.

"Did you send my telegram, Flynn?" she asked without turning her head.

"I did, miss."

It being the most important telegram she had ever sent in all her life, Miss Landis became preoccupied—quite oblivious to extraneous details, including Siward, until the horse began acting badly again. Her slightly disdainful and perfect control of the reins interested the young man. He might have said something civil and conventional about

that, but did not make the effort to invade a reserve which appeared to embarrass nobody.

A staccato note from the dog, prolonged infinitely in hysterical crescendo, demanded comment from somebody.

"What is the matter with him, Flynn?" she asked.

Siward said: "You should let him run, Miss Landis."

She nodded, smiling, inattentive, absorbed in her own affairs, still theorizing concerning her telegram. She drove on for a while, and might have forgotten the dog entirely had he not once more lifted his voice in melancholy.

"You say he ought to run for a mile or two? Do you think he'll bolt, Mr. Siward?"

"I'll take my chances."

"Yes, but please consider my chances, Mr. Siward. The dog doesn't belong to me."

"I'll take the risk," said Siward, smiling as she drew rein. "Now, Flynn, give me the leash. Quiet! Quiet, puppy! Everything is coming your way; that's the beauty of patience; great thing, patience!" He took the leader; the dog sprang from the rumble. "Now, my friend, look at me! No, don't twist and squirm and scramble; look me square in the eye, so! . . . Now we know each other and we respect each other—because you are going to be a good puppy . . . and obey. . . . Down charge!"

The dog, trembling with eager comprehension, dropped like a shot, muzzle laid flat between his paws. Siward unleashed him, looked down at him for a second, stooped and caressed the silky head; then with a laugh swung himself into the phaeton beside the driver, who, pretty head turned, had been looking on intently.

Siward turned. "Come on, Sagamore!" he said gayly; and the dog sprang forward, circled about the moving phaeton, splitting the air with yelps of ecstasy, then tore ahead, mad with delight.

The girl watched him doubtfully; when he disappeared far away up the road she turned the blue inquiry of her eyes on Siward.

"He'll be back," said the young fellow, laughing; and presently the dog reappeared on a tearing gallop, white flag tossing, glorious in his new liberty, enchanted with the confidence this tall young man had reposed in him—this adorable young man, this wonderful friend who had suddenly appeared to release him from an undignified and abominable situation in a crate.

"A good dog," said Siward; and the girl looked around at him, partly because his voice was pleasant, partly because a vague memory was beginning to stir within her, coupling something unpleasant with the name of Siward.

She had been conscious of it when he first named himself, but, absorbed in the overwhelming importance of her telegram, had left the analysis of the matter for the future.

She thought again of her telegram, theorized a little, came to no conclusion except to let the matter rest for the present, and mentally turned to the next and far less important problem—the question of this rather attractive young man at her side, and why the name of Siward should be linked in her mind with anything disagreeable.

Tentatively following the elusive mental clews that might awaken something definite concerning her hazy impression of the man beside her, she spoke pleasantly, conventionally, touching idly any topic that might have a bearing; and, under a self-possession so detached as to give an impression of indifference, eyes, ears and intelligence admitted that he was agreeable to look at, pleasant of voice, and difficult to reconcile with anything unpleasant.

Which gradually aroused her interest—the incongruous usually interesting girls of her age—for he had wit enough to amuse her, sufficient inconsequence to please her, and something listless, at times almost absent-minded, almost inattentive, that might have piqued her had it not inoculated her, as it always does any woman, with the nascent germ of curiosity. Besides, there was, in the hint of his momentary preoccupation, a certain charm.

They discussed shooting and the opening of the season; dogs and the training of dogs; and why some go gun-shy and why some are blinkers. From sport and its justification they became inconsequential; and she was beginning to enjoy the freshness of their chance acquaintance, his nice attitude toward things, his irrelevancy, his gayety.

Laughter thawed her; for notwithstanding the fearless confidence she had been taught for men of her own kind, self-possession and reserve, if not inherent, had also been drilled into her, and she required a great deal in a man before she paid him the tribute of one of her pretty laughs.

Apparently they were advancing rather rapidly.

"Don't you think we ought to call the dog in, Mr. Siward?"

"Yes; he's had enough!"

She drew rein; he sprang out and whistled; and the Sagamore pup, dusty and happy, came romping back. Siward motioned him to the rumble, but the dog leaped to the front.

"I don't mind," said the girl. "Let him sit here between us. And you might occupy yourself by pulling some of those burs from his ears—if you will?"

"Of course I will. Look up here, puppy! No! Don't try to lick my face, for that is bad manners. Demonstrations are odious, as the poet says."

"It's always bad manners, isn't it?" asked Miss Landis.

"What? Being affectionate?"

"Yes, and admitting it."

"I believe it is. Do you hear *that*—Sagamore? But never mind; I'll break the rules some day when we're alone."

The dog laid one paw on Siward's knee, looking him wistfully in the eyes.

"More demonstrations," observed the girl. "Mr. Siward! You are hugging him! This amounts to a dual conspiracy in bad manners."

"Awfully glad to admit you to the conspiracy," he said. "There's one vacancy—if you are eligible."

"I am; I was discovered recently kissing my saddle-mare."

"That settles it! Sagamore, give the young lady the grip."

Sylvia Landis glanced at the dog, then impulsively shifting the whip to her left hand, held out the right. And very gravely the Sagamore pup laid one paw in her dainty white-gloved palm.

"You darling!" murmured the girl, resuming her whip.

"I notice," observed Siward, "that you are perfectly qualified for membership in our association for the promotion of bad manners. In fact, I should suggest you for the presidency ——"

"I suppose you think all sorts of things because I gushed over that dog."

"Of course I do."

"Well, you need not," she rejoined, delicate nose uptilted. "I never kissed a baby in all my life—and never mean to. Which is probably more than you can say."

"Yes, it's more than I can say."

"That admission elects you president," she concluded. But after a moment's silent driving she turned partly toward him with mock seriousness: "Is it not horridly unnatural in me to feel that way about babies? And about people, too; I simply cannot endure demonstrations. As for dogs and horses—well, I've admitted how I behave; and, being so shamelessly affectionate by disposition, why can't I be nice to babies? I've a hazy but dreadful notion that there's something wrong about me, Mr. Siward."

He scrutinized the pretty features anxiously: "I can't see it," he said.

"But I mean it—almost seriously. I don't want to be so aloof, but—I don't like to touch other people. It is rather horrid of me, I suppose, to be like those silky, plumy, luxurious Angora cats who never are civil to you and who always jump out of your arms at the first opportunity."

He laughed—and there was malice in his eyes, but he did not know her well enough to pursue the subject through so easy an opening.

It had occurred to her, too, that her simile might invite elaboration, and she sensed the laugh in his silence, and liked him for remaining silent where he might easily have been wittily otherwise.

This set her so much at ease, left her so confident, that they were on terms of gayest understanding presently, she gossiping about the guests at Shotover House, outlining the diversions planned for the two weeks before them.

"But we shall see little of one another; you will be shooting most of the time," she said—with the very faintest hint of challenge—too delicate, too impersonal to savor of coquetry. But the germ of it was there.

"Do *you* shoot?"

"Yes; why?"

"I am reconciled to the shooting, then."

"Oh, that is awfully civil of you. Sometimes I'd rather play Bridge."

"So should I—sometimes."

"I'll remember that, Mr. Siward; and when all the men are waiting for you to start out after grouse perhaps I may take that moment to whisper: 'May I play?'"

He laughed.

"You mean that you really would stay and play double dummy when every other living man will be off to the coverts? Double dummy—to improve my game?"

"Certainly! I need improvement."

"Then there is something wrong with you, too, Mr. Siward."

She laughed and started to flick her whip, but at her first motion the horse gave trouble.

"The bit doesn't fit," observed Siward.

"You are perfectly right," she returned, surprised. "I ought to have remembered; it is shameful to drive a horse improperly bitted." And, after a moment: "You are considerate toward animals; it is good in a man."

"Oh, it's no merit. When animals are uncomfortable it worries me. It's one sort of selfishness, you see."

"What nonsense," she said; and her smile was very friendly. "Why doesn't a nice man ever admit he's nice when told so?"

It seems they had advanced that far. For she was beginning to find this young man not only safe but promising; she had met nobody recently half as amusing, and the outlook at Shotover House had been unpromising with only the overgrateful Page twins to practice on—the other men, collectively and individually, boring her. And suddenly, welcome as manna from the sky, behold this highly agreeable boy to play with—until Quarrier arrived. Her telegram had been addressed to Mr. Quarrier.

"*What* was it you were saying about selfishness?" she asked. "Oh, I remember. It was nonsense."

"Certainly."

She laughed, adding: "Selfishness is so simply defined, you know."

"Is it? How?"

"A refusal to renounce. That covers everything," she concluded.

"Sometimes renunciation is weakness—isn't it?" he suggested.

"In what case, for example?"

"Well, suppose we take love."

"Very well, you may take it if you like it."

"Suppose you loved a man!" he insisted.

"Let him beware! What then?"

"——and, suppose it would distress your family if you married him?"

"I'd give him up."

"If you loved him?"

"Love? That is the poorest excuse for selfishness, Mr. Siward."

"So you would ruin your happiness and his ——"

"A girl ought to find more happiness in renouncing a selfish love than in love itself," announced Miss Landis with that serious conviction characteristic of her years.

"Of course," assented Siward with a touch of malice, "if you really do find more happiness in renouncing love than in love itself, it would be foolish not to do it ——"

"Mr. Siward! You are derisive. Besides, you are not acute. A woman is always an opportunist. When the event takes place I shall know what to do."

"You mean when you want to marry the man you—mustn't?"

"Exactly. I probably shall."

"Marry him?"

"Wish to!"

"I see. But you won't, of course."

She drew rein, bringing the horse to a walk at the foot of a long hill.

"We are going much too fast," said Miss Landis, smiling.

"Driving too fast for ——"

"No, not driving, *going*—you and I."

"Oh, you mean ——"

"Yes, I do. We are on all sorts of terms already."

"In the country, you know, people ——"

"Yes, I know all about it, and what old and valued friends one makes at a week's end. But it has been a matter of half-hours with us, Mr. Siward."

"Let us sit very still and think it over," he suggested. And they both laughed.

It was perhaps the reaction of her gayety that recalled to her mind her telegram. The telegram had been her promised answer after she had had time to consider a suggestion made to her by a Mr. Howard Quarrier. The last week at Shotover permitted reflection; and while her telegram was no complete answer to the suggestion he had made, it contained material of interest in the eight words: "I will consider your request when you arrive."

"I wonder if you know Howard Quarrier?" she said.

After a second's hesitation he replied: "Yes—a little. Everybody does."

"You *do* know him?"

"Only at—the club."

"Oh; the Lenox?"

"The Lenox—and the Patroons."

Preoccupied, driving with careless, almost inattentive perfection, she thought idly of her twenty-three years, wondering how life could have passed so quickly leaving her already stranded on the shoals of an engagement to marry Howard Quarrier. Then her thoughts, errant, wandered half the world over before they returned to Siward; and when at length they did, and meaning to be civil, she spoke again of his acquaintance with Quarrier at the Patroons Club—the club itself being sufficient to settle Siward's status in every community.

"I'm trying to remember what it is I have heard about you," she continued amiably; "you are——"

An odd expression in his eyes arrested her—long enough to note their color and expression—and she continued pleasantly: "——You are Stephen Siward, are you not? You see I know your name perfectly well——" Her straight brows contracted a trifle; she drove on, lips compressed, following an elusive train of thought which vaguely, persistently, coupled his name with something indefinitely unpleasant. And she could not reconcile this with his appearance. However, the train of unlinked ideas which she pursued began to form the semblance of a chain. Coupling his name with Quarrier's and with a club aroused memory; vague uneasiness stirred her to a glimmering comprehension. Siward? Stephen Siward? One of the New York Siwards then—one of that race——

Suddenly the truth flashed upon her—the crude truth lacking definite detail, lacking circumstance and color and atmosphere—merely the raw and ugly truth.

Had he looked at her—and he did, once—he could have seen only the unruffled and very sweet profile of a young

girl. Composure was one of the masks she had learned to wear—when she chose.

And she was thinking very hard all the while: "So *this* is the man? I might have known his name. Where were my five wits? Siward!—Stephen Siward! . . . He is very young, too; . . . much too young to be so horrid. . . . Yet—it wasn't so dreadful, after all; only the publicity! Dear me! I knew we were going too fast."

"Miss Landis," he said.

"Mr. Siward?"—very gently. It was her way to be gentle when generous.

"I think," he said, "that you are beginning to remember where you may have heard my name."

"Yes—a little——" She looked at him with the direct gaze of a child, but the lovely eyes were troubled. His smile was not very genuine, but he met her gaze steadily enough.

"It was rather nice of Mrs. Ferrall to ask me," he said, "after the mess I made of things last spring."

"Grace Ferrall is a dear," she replied.

After a moment he ventured: "I suppose you saw it in the papers."

"I think so; I had completely forgotten it; your name seemed to——"

"I see." Then listlessly: "I couldn't have ventured to remind you that—that perhaps you might not care to be so amiable——"

"Mr. Siward," she said impulsively, "you are nice to *me!* Why shouldn't I be amiable? It was—it was—I've forgotten just how dreadfully you did behave——"

"Pretty badly."

"Very?"

"They say so."

"And what is your opinion, Mr. Siward?"

"Oh, I ought to have known better." Something about him reminded her of a bad small boy; and suddenly in spite of her better sense, in spite of her instinctive caution, she found herself on the very verge of laughter. *What* was it in the man that disarmed and invited a confidence—scarcely justified, it appeared? What was it now that moved her to overlook what few overlook—not the fault, but its publicity? Was it his agreeable bearing, his pleasant badinage, his amiably listless moments of preoccupation, his youth that appealed to her—aroused her charity, her generosity, her curiosity? And had other people continued to accept him, too? What would Quarrier think of his presence at Shotover? She began to realize that she was a little afraid of Quarrier's opinions. And his opinions were always judgments. However, Grace Ferrall had thought it proper to ask him, and that meant social absolution. As far as that went she also was perfectly ready to absolve him if he needed it. But perhaps he didn't care! She looked at him furtively. He seemed to be tranquil enough in his abstraction. Trouble appeared to slide very easily from his broad young shoulders. Perhaps he was already taking much for granted in her gentleness with him. And gradually speculation became interest and interest a young girl's innocent curiosity to learn something of a man whose record it seemed almost impossible to reconcile with his personality.

"I was wondering," he said, looking up to encounter her clear eyes, "whose house that is over there?"

"Beverly Plank's shooting-box, Black Fells," she replied, nodding toward the vast pile of blackish rocks against the sky upon which sprawled a heavy stone house infested with chimneys.

"Plank? Oh, yes."

He smiled to remember the battering blows rained upon the ramparts of society by the master of Black Fells.

But the smile faded; and, glancing at him, the girl was surprised to see the subtle change in his face—the white, worn look, then the old listless apathy which, all at once to her, hinted of something graver than preoccupation.

"Are we near the sea?" he asked.

"Very near. Only a moment to the top of this hill. . . . Now look!"

There lay the sea—the same gray-blue, crawling void that had ever fascinated and repelled him—always wrinkled, always in flat, monotonous motion, spreading away, away to the sad world's ends.

"Full of menace—always," he said, unconscious that he had spoken aloud.

"The sea!"

He spoke without turning: "The sea is a relentless thing for a man to fight. . . . There are other tides more persistent than the sea, but like it—like it in its menace."

His face seemed thinner, older; she noticed his cheekbones for the first time. Then, meeting her eyes, youth returned with a laugh and a touch of color; and she was aware, presently, that they had insensibly slipped back to their light badinage and gay inconsequences—back to a footing which, strangely, seemed to be already an old footing, familiar, pleasant, and natural to return to.

"Is that Shotover House?" he asked as they came to the crest of the last hillock between them and the sea.

"At last, Mr. Siward," she said mockingly; "and now your troubles are nearly ended."

"And yours, Miss Landis?"

"I don't know," she murmured to herself, thinking of the telegram with the faintest misgiving.

For she was very young, and she had not had half enough out of life as yet; and besides, her theories and preconceived plans for the safe ordering of her life appeared to lack weight—nay, they were dwindling already into insignificance.

Theory had almost decided her to answer Mr. Quarrier's suggestion with a "Yes." However, he was coming from the Lakes in a day or two. She could decide definitely when she had discussed the matter with him.

"I wish that I owned this dog," observed Siward, as the phaeton entered the macadamized drive.

"I wish so, too," she said, "but he belongs to Mr. Quarrier."

And the Conversation Veered Again Toward the Mystery of Heredity

II

A HOUSE of native stone built into and among weather-scarred rocks, one massive wing butting seaward, others nosing north and south among cedars and outcropping ledges—the whole silver-gray mass of masonry reddening under a westering sun, every dormer, every leaded diamond pane aflame; this was Shotover as Siward first beheld it.

Like the craggy vertebræ of a half-buried fossil splitting the sod, a ragged line of rock rose as a barrier to inland winds; the foreland, set here and there with tiny lawns and pockets of bright flowers, fell away to the cliffs; and here, sheer wet black rocks fronted the eternal battering of the Atlantic.

As the phaeton drew up under a pillared porte-cochère servants bowed them through the doors into the hall where, in a wide chimney-place, the embers of a driftwood fire glimmered like a heap of dusty jewels. Bars of sunlight slanted on wall and rug, on stone floor and carved staircase, on the bronze foliations of the railed gallery above, where, in the golden gloom through a high window, sun-tipped treetops against a sky of azure stirred like burnished foliage in a tapestry.

"There is nobody here, of course," observed Miss Landis to Siward as they halted in front of the fireplace; "the season opens to-day in this county, you see." She shrugged her pretty shoulders: "And the women who don't shoot make the first field-luncheon a function."

She turned, nodded her adieux; then, over her shoulder, casually: "If you haven't an appointment with the Sand-Man before dinner you may find me in the gun-room."

"I'll be there in about three minutes," he said; "and what about this dog?"—looking down at the Sagamore pup who stood before him, wagging, attentive, always the gentleman to the tips of his toes.

Miss Landis laughed. "Take him to your room if you like. Dogs have the run of the house."

So he followed a servant to the floor above, where a smiling and very ornamental maid preceded him through a corridor and into that heavy wing of the house which fronted the sea.

"Tea is served in the gun-room, sir," said the pretty maid and disappeared to give place to a melancholy and silent young man who turned on the bath, laid out fresh raiment, and whispering "Scotch or Irish, sir?" presently effaced himself.

Before he quenched his own thirst Siward filled a bowl and set it on the floor, and it seemed as though the dog would never finish gulping and slobbering in the limpid, icy water.

"It's the salt air, my boy," commented the young man, gravely refilling his own glass as though accepting the excuse on his own account.

Then man and beast completed ablutions and grooming and filed out through the wide corridor, around the gallery, and down the broad stairway to the gun-room—an oaken, vaulted place illuminated by the sun, where mellow lights sparkled on glass-cased rows of fowling-pieces and rifles, on the polished antlers of shaggy moose heads.

Miss Landis sat curled up in a cushioned corner under the open casement panes, offering herself a cup of tea. She looked up, nodding invitation; he found a place beside her. A servant whispered, "Scotch or Irish, sir?"—then set the crystal paraphernalia at his elbow.

He said something about the salt air, casually; the girl gazed meditatively at space.

The sound of wheels on the gravel outside aroused her from a silence which had become a brown study; and to Siward, presently, she said: "Here endeth our first rendezvous."

"Then let us arrange another immediately," he said, stirring the ice in his glass.

The girl considered him with speculative eyes: "I shouldn't exactly know what to do with you for the next hour if I didn't abandon you."

"Why bother to do anything with me? Why even give yourself the trouble of deserting me? That solves the problem."

"I really don't mean that you are a problem to me, Mr. Siward," she said, amused; "I mean that I am going to drive again."

"I see."

"No, you don't see at all. There's a telegram; I'm not driving for pleasure——"

She had not meant that either, and it annoyed her that she had expressed herself in such terms. As a matter of fact, at the telegraphed request of Mr. Quarrier, she was going to Black Fells Crossing to meet his train from the Lakes and drive him back to Shotover. The drive, therefore, was of course a drive for pleasure.

"I see," repeated Siward amiably.

"Perhaps you do," she observed, rising to her graceful height. He was on his feet at once, so carelessly, so good-humoredly acquiescent that without any reason at all she hesitated.

"I had meant to show you about—the cliffs—the kennels and stables; I'm sorry," she concluded, lingering.

"I'm awfully sorry," he rejoined, without meaning anything in particular. That was the trouble—whatever he said apparently meant so much.

With the agreeable sensation of being regretted she leisurely gloved herself, then walked through the gun-room and hall, Siward strolling beside her.

The dog followed them as they turned toward the door and passed out across the terraced veranda to the driveway, where a tandem cart was drawn up, faultlessly appointed. Quarrier's mania was tandem. She thought it rather nice of her to remember this.

She inspected the ensemble without visible interest for a few moments; the wind freshened from the sea, fluttering her veil, and she turned toward the east to face it. In the golden splendor of declining day the white sails of yachts crowded landward on the last leg before beating westward into Blue Harbor; a small white cruiser, steaming south, left a mile-long stratum of rose-tinted smoke hanging parallel to the horizon's plane; the westering sun struck sparks from her bright-work.

The magic light on land and water seemed to fascinate the girl; she had walked a little way toward the cliffs, Siward following silently, offering no comment on the beauty of sky and cliff. As they halted once more the enchantment seemed to spread; a delicate haze enveloped the sea; hints of rose color tinted the waves; over the uplands a pale mauve bloom grew; the sunlight turned redder, slanting on the rocks, and every kelp-covered reef became a spongy golden mound, sprayed with liquid flame.

They had turned their backs to the tandem; the grooms looked after them, standing motionless at the horses' heads.

"Mr. Siward, this is too fine to miss," she said. "I will walk as far as the headland with you."

The breeze-blown conversation became fragmentary, veering as capriciously as the purple wind-flaws that spread across the shoals. But always to her question or comment she found in his response the charm of freshness,

(Continued on Page 26)

THE QUEST *of the* COLONIAL

By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton

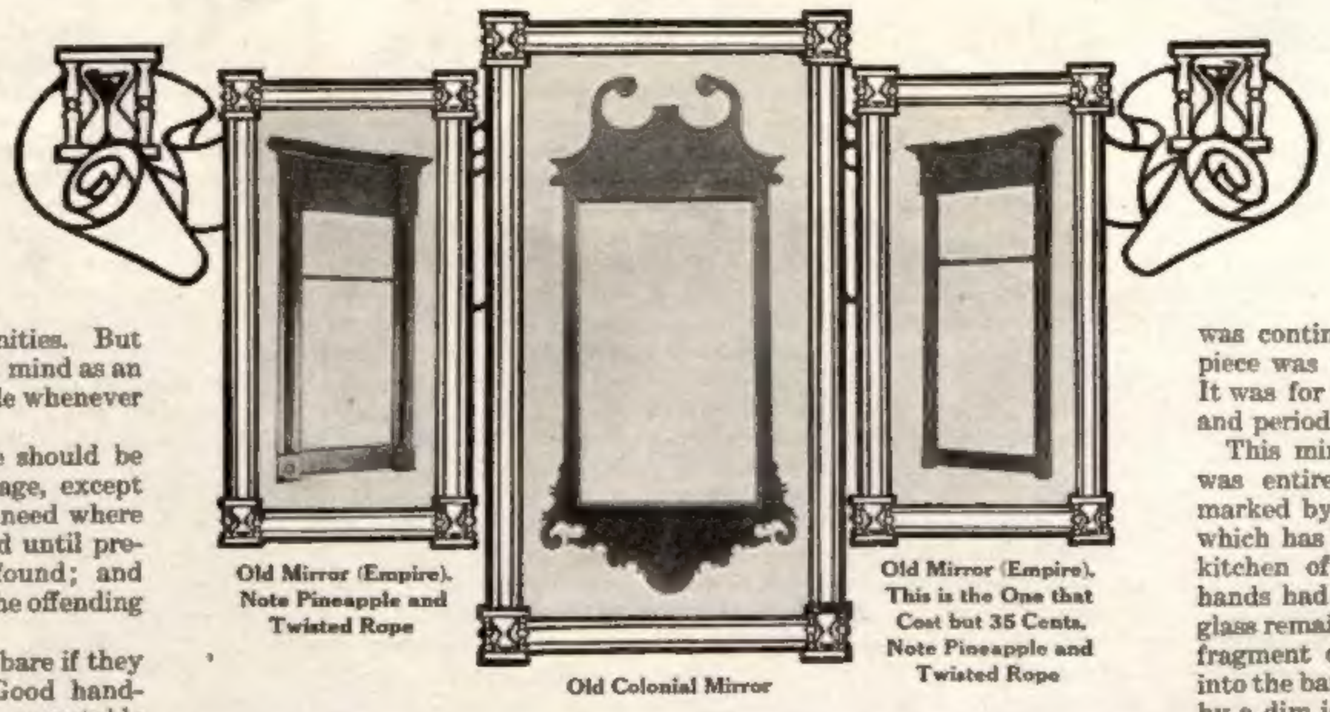
A CHAPTER OF COUNTRY CHANCES

THE house altered into readiness, we prepared to furnish it. And it seemed that it would be an excellent thing to have each of the rooms furnished in a different style: one Heppelwhite, one Empire, one Chippendale, one Sheraton, and so on; or at least that the prevailing furniture in each room should be of the same style. But that would be impossible for us to carry out with anything like completeness. It could be done only with free expenditure of money and time unless there should be exceptional opportunities. But it was well to have such a scheme in mind as an ideal, to be adopted as far as possible whenever opportunity could be made.

In any case, no piece of furniture should be secured not proper in design and age, except in those few cases of indispensable need where a less desirable piece should be used until precisely the right thing might be found; and then we would promptly get rid of the offending substitute.

The floors of our house were to be bare if they could not be correctly covered. Good hand-loom Oriental rugs of satisfactory vegetable dyes fit any date and go with any style of furniture; and this whether the rugs are old or of modern make. But the color scheme must always be kept in mind. Fur rugs and skins go admirably with Colonial furniture. Braided rugs are a charming survival of a past industry, and, especially if they are made with thoughtfulness as to size and color, are very effective in many a place. Rag-carpet rugs are also good, if of a predominant color to go with the color tone of the room. It is not always realized how much, in general effectiveness, depends on the color. For braided rugs, or rag-carpet rugs, there is always some weaver or braider to be found who will be delighted to have intelligent coöperation with his work and who will carefully make just the kind of rug one wishes.

At the sides of the hall, midway in its length, and opposite the side recess in which is the stairway, are four fluted pilasters, from which spring arches, inclosing a square with groined and vaulted ceiling. From the centre of this vaulting we hung a chandelier which deserves its name; for it is for candles only, of which it holds the Colonial number of thirteen. It is painted buff, with black trimmings, and has oval reflectors and graceful sconces. It is of iron and tin, and is about three-quarters of a century old.



Old Mirror (Empire). Note Pineapple and Twisted Rope

Old Colonial Mirror

Old Mirror (Empire). This is the One that Cost but 35 Cents. Note Pineapple and Twisted Rope

Just inside of the door is a mirror with a mahogany frame, three feet and a half by one and a half, straight-topped, and with slightly projecting cornice. It is of the general type of mirror of from eighty to a hundred and twenty-five years ago, and is itself about a century old.

Until the sixteenth century, the woman who would hold up the mirror to Nature had to hold up one of metal, for glass mirrors did not come in until then, and they were introduced by the Venetians. In England glass mirrors were not made until a little more than two hundred years ago—the ever-delightful Pepys tells of a looking-glass sent to the wife of Charles the Second by the Queen of France—but, as glass mirrors were undoubtedly in use in America before the era of English manufacture, they must have been of Continental, and probably Italian, make.

Our mirror has the effective pineapple ornament, the emblem of hospitality, which makes it the more fitting for a piece of furniture beside the door. Below the pineapple, on either side, is the carved pillar, of twisted-rope design, ending at the bottom in a tassel.

There is a narrow strip of wood across the upper part of the mirror, dividing the inclosed space into two parts. This division was introduced in early days from the impossibility of making single pieces of glass as large as was desired; it was long impossible to make a piece wider or longer than four feet; but even after the art of glass-making was better understood the practice was continued from the belief that the cross-piece was necessary to a proper appearance. It was for this reason that mirrors of the size and period of that in our hall are in two pieces.

This mirror was discovered in a barn, and was entirely without glass. It was thickly marked by flies; thickly, as only a piece can be which has long hung in a screenless, not neat, kitchen of the country. Probably the farm-hands had used it as long as a broken piece of glass remained in the corner. Then, when that fragment disappeared, the mirror was thrown into the barn; saved from complete destruction by a dim idea of sometime repairing it.

It cost us, misused and shattered as it was, precisely thirty-five cents!

Being of beautiful mahogany, although the beauty was hidden by dirt, it was easily cleaned and polished.

And this matter of misuse and discolor points out, what the collector early learns, that neither color nor previous condition of servitude prevents a piece from being desirable.

There is a curious point about this frame, common to numerous other old frames, and typical of the time when artisans had personal pride in each piece of work. The topmost band of the cornice of the frame is not, like all the rest of the frame, of mahogany. It is of rich-looking cherry. And the reason was long ago explained to us by an old cabinet-maker who had learned some of the secrets and ways of the past direct from old-time workers. Mahogany, beautiful as it is, would, in the opinion of some, be too dark for effectiveness at the top of a frame. There brilliant relief was sought for, to bring out the color and design and lines of all. And in consequence a moulding of cherry was often used as the surmounting piece.

There being no glass in the mirror, it was necessary to remedy that defect, and two pieces of beveled glass were put

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a series of papers by Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton narrative of their own experiences and successes in the quest of old furniture.

in. Nor is this anachronistic, though many claim that beveling has no place in old-fashioned mirrors. It is curious how widespread is that idea. As a matter of fact, however, beveled glass was long ago made by the Venetians, and Venetian glass-makers were fetched to England, two hundred years ago, to teach this branch of the art, among others, to English workers.

Our mirror has the small rosettes on the upper corners, as was customary; but they are of wood, and not, as some are, of brass. It does not have the drop-acorn ornaments, as do several old mirrors of this vicinity.

Many mirrors of the period from about the close of the Revolution to the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century are known as Constitution mirrors, and are surmounted by the eagle, which sprang into popularity on becoming our national bird. Many of these are beautiful specimens and for that reason have been freely reproduced; so freely that the collector must be specially on his guard or else he will acquire a replica instead of an original.

This particular mirror that we are describing has the square-lined top, without the eagle. There may have been, originally, in the upper section, some picture instead of glass. Numerous mirrors of that time were made with rudely pictured rural scenes or battle pieces.

Beneath the mirror stands a small, square, Heppelwhite table, with two drawers; a table that looks well in that location, and is also exceedingly useful, for a small brass salver stands on top and the drawers are convenient for gloves and other articles.

The question of pictures came next. They must harmonize with the hall and with the furniture of the olden time, and they must look well. Unless, however, one has sufficient wealth to buy the work of the great painters of the past, he may not care to have only such pictures as ornamented the walls of, say, the eighteenth century. But one may find good etchings, or other pictures, made at the present day, but representing subjects of the past, or may find pictures whose date is immaterial, they being such as are of any time and all time.

For this old hall we were fortunately able to run a series of prints representing scenes and cities of the Napoleonic wars, these being steel engravings printed in colors, made in the long ago, and having come by bequest instead of quest, after long possession by older hands.

Then, to complete, there are a few other old-time prints—one of them of particular interest for this building, with its association with Washington Irving, as it is of Aston Hall, the original of the old English house which Irving describes under the name of Bracebridge.

The Napoleon series and the others being all of a size, all framed alike in black passe-partout, all accurately spaced and all put at the same height, the general effect of the hall, both as to design and age, is accented.

On one side was placed the wooden-works, seven-day grandfather's clock. It is natural to think of the grandfather's clock as being of an older type than the clock which has neither long pendulum nor long case. But that is a mistake. Grandfather's clocks did not come in till some time after this country began to be settled, and before they appeared there were in use here both clocks with weights and clocks with spiral springs. The pendulum dates back only some two hundred and fifty years; before that time a balance control was used. And not until after the day of long pendulums did the day of long clock-cases come, and then it came by evolution, because they were needed. At first the long pendulums were used on the old "wag-at-the-walls," as they were termed, and to protect the pendulums, which were frequently stopped or broken, the making of the tall case began. There were few grandfather's clocks before the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The Chippendale Chairs Sold at Auction

A few chairs are all that the hall needs; and one of them, simple though it is, has a great deal of character. It is of ash, without arms, is rush-bottomed, and has four slats across the back. The slats are carefully graduated in width for the sake of effect, the narrowest being at the bottom.

The Hall

The side-posts stand absolutely perpendicular, from top to bottom, with an odd primness of effect, but the four slats are on a light and swaying bend both upward and backward. This chair was made nearly a hundred years ago, in a little Pennsylvania town, and stood for forty years as the entry-chair in the hall of a Pennsylvania lawyer. There are also chairs of this type that are made with five slats instead of four, but they are rarely found.

A chest stands near one end of the hall, a low chest of black leather studded with brass nails, iron-handled and lined with old blue paper. It is a century old, was made at Galashiels in Scotland, and traveled to India and back in the possession of a British officer who served in the old wars there; afterward it came with the succeeding generation to America.

In the early days, chests were of great importance as part of the furniture of a house, being used for the storage of linen and silver. One may still hope to find a fine chest of oak or dark walnut with somewhat of ornamentation, or even a carved and painted old chest of English make. It would be unlikely, now, to find one of the corniced marquetry chests of the early Dutch, but even that need not be looked upon as altogether impossible.

At the farther end of the long hall is the door opening into the sitting-room with the big fireplace, and upon this door is placed an ancient iron knocker, of English make, acquired through the chance of happening to pass by an old house, in the heart of one of the great cities, as it was being demolished. The demolition had reached the first floor; in half an hour the door would have been thrown down; but an offer of twenty-five cents promptly secured the knocker, carefully taken off, with bolts and all complete.

It is seldom that one can find an article actually in place, in that sense; but it is always highly satisfactory to find the pieces of old furniture that you buy, in use in the house that has long held them; or, what is even better, for the pieces are likely to be better preserved, in the very house where they were long used, but in the garret.

And one of the ways of securing things at the house for which they were originally bought is to attend a good country auction. There is fascination in the very thought of a country auction. Not, indeed, that there is always something to be picked up, but that there is an ever-present possibility. The important announcements, from the local viewpoint, are of horses and cattle, of farming machinery, of chickens and of hay. Yet almost always, if looked for, may be found the words, tucked away somewhere down toward the bottom, "Household furniture." Sometimes the descriptive "old-fashioned" accompanies the words. Sometimes there is an item of "coverlids and homespun blankets." And "coverlids and homespun" are likely to accompany ancient chests of drawers and Windsor chairs. Then there is always the likelihood that the announcement will fetch to the light of an auctioneer's day the single pair of unused andirons from the garret of the aged spinster, the rare candlesticks which some old settler long since discarded and forgot, the four-post bed, the set of drawers, or something else equally interesting, which inquiring search would not have revealed, but which the owner is as glad to sell as you are to buy. It is astonishing how many old pieces are put away and forgotten and regarded as of no value; and on the other hand, it is astonishing at how much beyond even the city prices some of the country dwellers value their old-time articles. To buy an old piece at a country auction or a country house, having behind it no dealer's guarantee of quality or condition, having the trouble and expense of getting it home, ought properly to carry with it the benefit of a lower price than for an article repaired and polished, put in perfect condition, and delivered.

There was recently a sale which furnished peculiarly good examples of the possibilities that lurk within the

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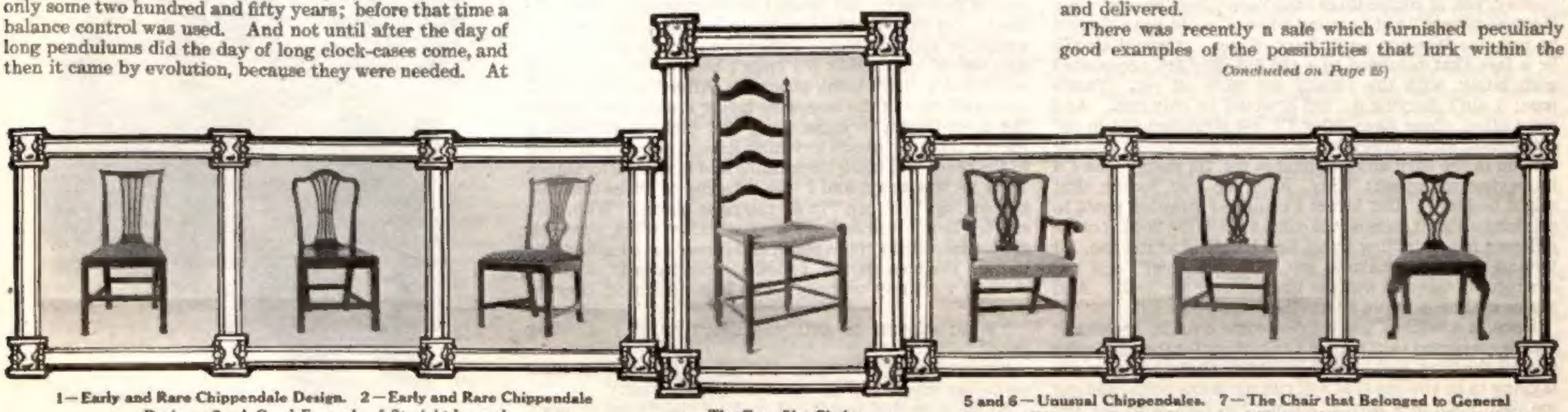


1—Early and Rare Chippendale Design. 2—Early and Rare Chippendale Design. 3—A Good Example of Straight-Legged Chippendale Chair

The Four-Slat Chair

5 and 6—Unusual Chippendales. 7—The Chair that Belonged to General Anthony Wayne; a Perfect Example of Chippendale; a Rare and Beautiful Design: Jar-Shaped Splat, Perfect Bow-Top, and Cabriole Legs

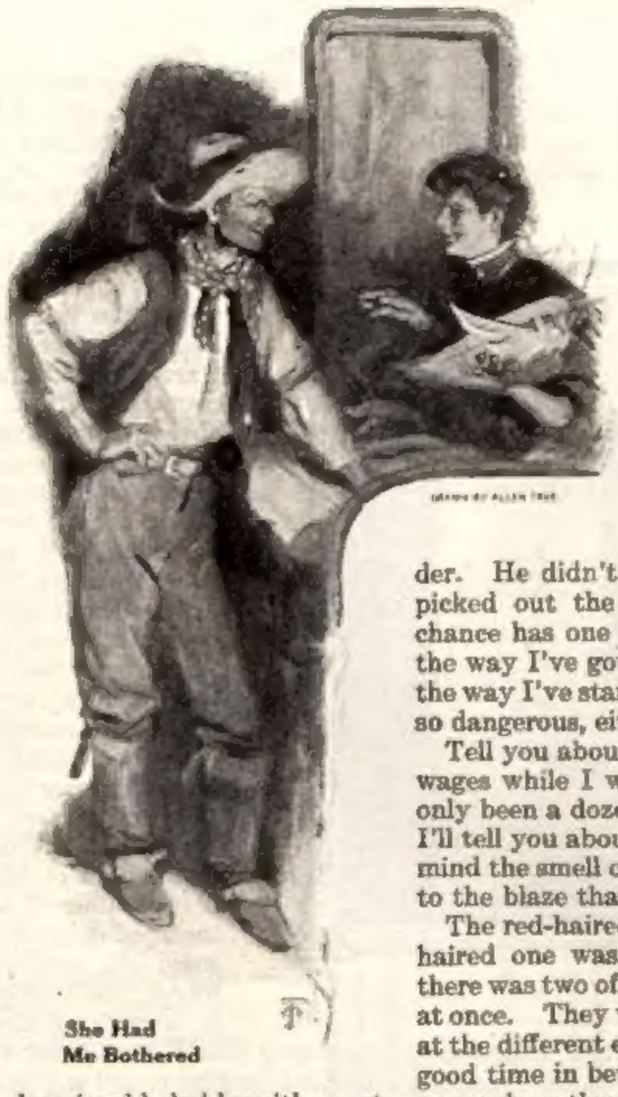
Billy Fortune and the Only Girl

The Adventure of M-l-l-e-Period

By William R. Lighton

NO; IF you ever happen to hear me talking about the Only Girl, I don't want you to get the notion in your head that there's never been but just one of 'em, all my life, because that wouldn't do me justice—nor the ladies neither. Nor I don't want you to ask me just what I do mean by it, because I couldn't answer it right without doing a terrible lot of hard thinking. Only one at a time—one principal one—if the time ain't too long, and if the others are near enough around some place: I expect maybe that's pretty near it.

Honest, I'm right sorry for the lads like me, that are built so they have to love 'em in bunches, and not able to cinch their affection on to just one. It always seems to me like that kind of a man misses a whole lot of something. I don't know just what he misses; but I've seen chaps suffering with it and enjoying it fine, like a chronic old daddy with a pet misery in his insides, and lots of times I've wished I could feel it once—if I could be sure it wasn't going to last. But, then, I'm sorry for that kind of men, too; because it always struck me that, if a man can get so plumb satisfied with just one girl that he can't even see the rest out of the edge of his eye, then he must have something pretty bad ailing his mind. I'd rather have my heart unsteady than my head, for a steady thing.



She Had Me Bothered

Why, yes, of course there have been times, plenty, when if anybody said "girl" around where I could hear, there'd be just one face pop up in front of me. It would always be a face that belonged to a girl I'd only got acquainted with lately, with the variety not wore off yet. That's true; I ain't denying it; but it would be only one. And right often, those days, after I'd get stretched out in my blankets at night, here that face would come again, floating around in the dark and laughing at me, till pretty soon I'd be saying to myself: "Say, Billy, do you reckon that might be *her?*" But before I could get steadied down to thinking about it, here would come a whole big flock of other different faces, drifting along, and laughing at me, too, till by-and-by I'd just have to say, "Oh, gee whiz!" and roll over on my side and pull the blanket over my head. And the next time it would be another one. Shucks!

Once in a while I get worried some over it, because it makes me scared that maybe I'm looking for the particular one all the time, and kind of expecting that every new one is going to be the one that will run me in the corral and get me tied down in a corner, against the logs, with the hot iron on me. And you know when a critter gets on his feet again, after that kind of a seance, it don't do him a speck of good to kick and snort, because there's the mark, and he can't never jar loose from it with bucking—not if he bucks his fool head off. Wouldn't that make a man feel horrible humdrum? And, besides, there's a million chances that he'll come awake, when his daze is over, and find he's got the wrong one, after all. Why, look at it: there was Old Man Adam, away back yonder. He didn't have but the one to choose from, and he picked out the wrong one at that, didn't he? What chance has one of us common dubs got, then? No, sir; the way I've got it figured out, I'm just going to keep on the way I've started. Maybe it ain't so safe; but it ain't so dangerous, either.

Tell you about my different times? Who'd pay me my wages while I was doing it? You seem to think there's only been a dozen or so. But I'll tell you what I will do: I'll tell you about the closest I ever got to it—if you don't mind the smell of singed fur. Yes, sir, I got right close up to the blaze that time.

The red-haired one was Molly McManus, and the black-haired one was Lily de Luce. What? Yes, of course there was two of 'em. Ain't I just telling you? Yes, both at once. They were miles apart, though, most of the time, at the different ends of a long, hard trail, with me spending good time in between wearing the trail deeper. It lasted as much as three months before it ended. The two of 'em at once was the only thing that saved me. If either one of those fairies had come at me single-handed there'd be a Mrs. Billy Fortune now, sure; and she'd be red-headed, I expect—or black. I can't guess which it would be. You try it when I'm done telling you.

Miss Lily de Luce was the first one of 'em I met up with. That was up at Lusk, one time when I went in with the boss to help him load a couple cars of steers we'd drove in from over Willow way. My word, I wasn't planning any devilment—not that time! I went up feeling awful harmless and quiet and innocent. I might have known that was a sure sign of big trouble, if I hadn't been so tranquil in my mind that I didn't think about it. After the loading was done and me and the boss were laying around, waiting for the down freight to come along and pick up the cars, I wasn't thinking about anything except going right back to the ranch and being responsible and looking after things while he was away, and I was listening to all he told me, and saying "Yes, sir," in all the right places. Why, you can tell how I was feeling; because, after while, when we drifted into Holsapple's place, and it was up to me to name it, with the boss paying, I took a cigar instead. I didn't seem to want any wetness. The boss noticed it, because he says:

"What's the matter with you, Billy? Ain't you feeling good?"

"Sure!" says I. "Yes, I'm all right. Maybe after we've eat supper I'll be thirsty. Let's go eat."

So we went and had it. I took all the drying things I could think of, but still I didn't want it. Not one drop on that trip, till by-and-by the whistle blowed; and after the boss was gone with his steers I started to mosey back up toward the stable where my pony was. The big, round old moon was coming up, and I figured I'd just hike out home. I could make it by one o'clock, and get a nice, brisk, responsible start early in the morning. If anybody had told me I was never going to get there, ever, I don't believe I'd have believed him, unless he'd started in to point out to me how plumb unlikely and foolish and unreasonable it seemed. Then I expect I'd have had to own up that it seemed reasonable.

Well, anyway, I didn't; because on my way to the stable I come to a window. That was nine o'clock or so, and the stores was all dark along the street, except the drugstore and the two saloons—and this one. This was a new one since I'd been in before; the place had been empty the last time; but now there was a brass lamp hanging just inside, with glass dangles to it, and the window was full up with pink and blue and green and red millinery—flowers and feathers and ribbons and truck till you couldn't rest, and a couple of these waxworks ladies from the waist up. You know how they fix 'em out. Well, this was one of them places.

"Gee whiz!" says I to myself; because up till then you'd mostly see the Lusk girls going around with a sunbonnet, or a man's hat with a strap on it, that they'd coaxed away from some easy cow-puncher. "What's

She was One of the Friendly Kind that Start off Intimate

struck us?" I says, and I stood there on the sidewalk, trying to take it in, till m a minute I looked on past; and then my eyes settled down to rest, like a hawk that's had his lunch and found a nice, comfortable roost that just suits him. I didn't say anything more; I just looked and looked and looked.

There she was, sitting down behind her counter, with her black head bent down and her slim, white hands busy with something she was doing. I didn't notice what it was; I was too interested in trying to get a sight of her face. I couldn't see it, at first, except only the round, smooth end of her chin and the slim, proud up of her nose, where they peeked out around her hair, with the light shining on it. It fretted me a heap. You can't explain it, can you? But you know you can tell, sight unseen. She was in a blue frock, with her slim, pretty shoulders and her round arms plumb full of youngness and aristocracy, till I just naturally knew I had to see what she looked like; so there I stood and waited and waited, not even daring to wink for fear I'd lose something, with my nose squashed out flat against the glass, and my mouth hanging wide open, and every single nerve in me curled up like a scared rattler with its tail a-buzzing, ready to jump.

And then she lifted her head, and before I could catch my breath there she was, looking right square at me. I didn't even have time to pry my mouth shut. She must have knew all the time that I was there, because the look she gave me was just pop!—bing!—and then she ducked her head down again and went ahead with her millinery. I didn't rightly see her face at all; I just had to fix it up afterward, from the way I remembered it—like when a blaze of lightning shows you the trail or the open country on a pitch-dark night and you don't see anything till it's plumb dark again; but there's the photograph on your mind. That's the way it was. When she'd give me that look and looked away again, all I could get out of my remembrance was a dark face, and straight, black eyebrows, and two lovely, soft, scarlet lips, and a pair of prancing black eyes, with the shadow of her dark hair making a kind of a mist of mystery over it all, like the first peep you get from under your tarp' in the morning, with the stars not gone yet, and nothing but a faint streak of warm pink blush showing along the east. Beautiful? What? Honest, I never saw a prettier face than that, all my life—not even in the patent-medicine pictures.

Well, there she was, and she hadn't looked a bit put out because she'd caught me looking at her. But what could I do? If I'd only had that one small taste in me that the boss had offered to pay for; but I was dry as an alkali sink-hole, with my courage all soaked away into the sand. I couldn't do a thing but just back off from the window, clear down off the edge of the sidewalk, standing there wishful, teetering around on one foot, with my fool heart knocking and a funny feeling in the pit of my stomach.

"Dog-gone the luck!" says I. "Why don't you go in, Billy? What's ailing you?"

"In where?" I says back. "In *there?* And what for?"

"Why," says I, "to buy a hat, you big stiff!"

"Oh, yes; a hat!" I says. "Sure! You need one of them hats, horrible bad, out on the range—that one with the pink canary-bird and the bunch of green cherries on it; that one would be a right smart hat for a man in the cow-business, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, quit your joshing!" says I. "You don't want it for yourself, you chump; you want it for your sister."

"My sister?" I says. "Why, of course!" I was real grateful to myself for thinking about it; and with that I marched up to the door and went in.

I hadn't misjudged her looks any from that first sight; because when she got up on her feet and stood there, with her red lips smiling at me, and her black eyes shining, and her young body leaning over the counter toward me and waiting—land, land! I couldn't do a thing but stare, till pretty soon there was a soft blush come creeping over her pretty cheeks and up across her forehead.

"What will ze zhentleman be pleased to have?" says she. "*Ze zhentleman!*" And her voice was just like a soft, smooth purr, away deep in her soft, round throat.

"Why," says I, "I'm figuring on a surprise for my sister, and I reckoned I'd pick one of these hats. There's that big one in the window—the one with the yellow feathers. How much is that one?"

She turned around and fetched it toward me, holding it up on her pretty hand. "Ah!" says she. "Perhaps ze zhentleman will pairmeet me to behold his sister. There is so mooch depend, wis ze hat! It is incredible! It mus' be becoming to ze lady. Is she wis ze zhentleman?"

"Why, no, she ain't," says I. "She lives in Chicago." She had to live some place, and Chicago was an easy word to say. She gave me a quick flicker of a look. I knew what she was thinking: What was I buying a hat in little old Wyoming for, to send to a woman in Chicago? But she pretended not to notice.

"Ah," says she, "it is a pity! But perhap ze zhentleman will tell me if ze lady's beauty is blond or brunette?"

She had me bothered. "Well, I swear, I never noticed," says I. "I guess she's about middling. Oh, that one'll do fine! How much is she?"

"Thees one is but eight dollars," says she. "It is not at all expensif, for ze creation of ze arteest."

"All right," says I; "I'll take her." And I started to stick my hand down in my pocket. Then, all of a sudden, I remembered. I didn't have but six bits and a couple nickels along with me in my corduroys, because I wasn't going to need any money that trip. So I just had to make a quick running jump at it. "You wrap her up, please," says I, "and I'll come in and get her in the morning. Will that do?"

"I shall be mos' happy, m'seer!" says she. "Pairmeet me; I gif you my card." And she fetched out a little chunk of pale blue pasteboards and give one to me. Lend me your pencil a minute. This is what was on it:

MLLE. DE LUCE

Parisian Milliner

"Oh—'Parisian'!" says I. "Is that what you are, ma'am -French?"

She give me a funny little smile. "Yes, I am French," says she. "And I wish ze zhentleman a good-night."

Then I Passed Steve the Word

I had to drill out then, didn't I? But when I hit the sidewalk I'd clean forgot about the livery-stable and my pony and the ranch and all them tedious things. I just poked along, not noticing where I was going, till I came to a good dark place, and then I stood still and begun to mull it over.

"Eight dollars!" says I to myself. That was the first thing. "Eight dollars. That's over a week's pay. Eight whole, long days in the saddle, in the hot sun, from sunup till long past dark. And what have you got to show for it? You tell me that. Billy Fortune, you ought to have more legs than you've got, and a different pair of ears."

"Oh, well, never mind," I says. "Your money would get blowed some way, anyway. And ain't you going to see her again in the morning!"

"Yes!" says I. "Sure I am! And most likely Mr. Milliner will be there then, loafing around and listening. I'll get a lot of comfort out of that, won't I?"

I hadn't thought about that. It made me feel pretty bum, slouching along there. But in a minute I come by the Herald joint, with a little old smoky lamp burning in the back part, and old Jimmy perched up on his high stool, with a green shade on his eyes, fussing with his print juggers; so I went in.

He squinted up at me till he'd made me out. "Hello, Billy!" says he. "Where did you blow from?"

I fixed me a cigarette, loafing alongside of him. "Say, Jimmy," says I, "tell me something, will you? You're educated. What does 'M-l-l-e-period' stand for?"

He took another squint at me, just as solemn.

"'M-l-l-e-period'?" says he. "Billy, you're the hundredth man that's asked me to explain that this last week; and I'll tell you like I've told all the rest of 'em: 'M-l-l-e-period' stands for trouble if you don't watch out."

"No, but honest, Jim," says I; "don't it mean she ain't married—or is—which?"

"'Honest!'" says he after me. "'Honest?' If you say 'honest,' then I've got to tell you you can't tell a thing about it—'honest'—by that sign. Those 'M-l-l-e-period' ladies don't believe in signs."

"I wish you'd quit your fooling," says I. "This is serious."

He took off his eye-shade and set there on his stool, with his arms around his drawed-up knees, looking at me.

"I wouldn't squander my time, Billy," says he.

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" says I. "Don't she advertise in your old paper? Is that your grouch?"

"Yes, she does," says he. "I was thinking about your good. You're a pretty decent chap, and I'd hate to see you sit in a brace game."

"Oh, shut up!" says I. "Have you seen anything of her husband's trail?"

"No," says he. "She's making a lone trail, just now. But you're starting to follow it a little late. She's been here over a week. Bud Farrell, he's the one that's singing first bass in her orchestra. He's got all the rest of 'em faded, with his roll."

"Oh!" says I. "Well, it's quite a ways from first base to the home plate, sometimes. Bud Farrell and his roll! Why, he's bald as a new white gravestone!"

"I don't think she's noticed it," says he. "The money of a liberal spender covers a multitude of bare places, Billy; don't you lose that off your mind." He set a while longer, with me standing there and thinking; and then he says: "Going to stay in for the dance?"

That made me prick up my ears. "Dance?" says I. "When's any dance?"

"Day after to-morrow night," says he. "Hadn't you heard? It's a free-for-all. Better stay in."

"No," says I. "I didn't come fixed. I can't dance in these pants and this old hat. I guess I'll pull out in the morning. I was going to-night if it hadn't got so late; but now I'll have to wait. Say, Jimmy, I wish you'd give me ten dollars till I come in the next time."

Well, it just kind of seemed like I was predestinated. After I'd got the money I sifted into Holsapple's again, and who did I run against but that Bud Farrell man, setting with a bunch of others, playing stud; and then it come to me.

"All right, Billy," says I; "if he's going to be contrary about the lady and hog her all to himself, we'll make him travel some—and we'll make him pay the traveling expenses, too." And with that I bought a stack and set in the game.

He thought he was, but he wasn't so much. After I'd got a fair start, so I had some capital to work on, I commenced to whoop her up a little, until most of 'em dropped out; and by morning I had a hundred and ninety dollars of Farrell money put away in my cellar. Then, after I'd had my breakfast, and went and paid Jimmy back, I went and got my hat.

I'd figured that I'd get around early, so as to skip the rush; only I wasn't soon enough with my earliness, because there was a couple women in there already, getting measured, and all I could do was to put down my eight wheels—Farrell's and mine—and take my bonnet and get out. It didn't matter much, because I'd made up my mind I was going to remain and stay a while and see the thing through; so I'd see her again. That was all right.

The first thing I did was to take that hat out behind the water-works hill and bury it. I didn't want it; I couldn't use it; I'd made a bum start with buying it, that was all, and the sooner I could get shut of it the better. After the funeral I went back to town and bought me a good new suit of clothes and fixings; and after that I started in to get things ready for that dance.

I run across Steve Brainard and another chap, and I got them engaged to help me when I needed it. They was willing enough, especially Steve, because he was always willing for any kind of a joke, even if it was swapping corpses on the mourners; and besides, that Farrell man had kind of overgrown himself with the boys, anyway. I give Steve a bright new twenty and told him what to do as soon as I'd let him know; and then I blew back up around the "M-l-l-e-period" girl's joint, fooling back and forth, and watching till I could sneak a private word with her. My scare was all disappeared by then. I just walked in and made myself to home. Never mind how. If you don't know already, there's no use telling you, because you can't

learn a man them things. All you want to do is to fly at 'em and keep 'em so busy walking backward to get away from you that they run plumb out of breath—and then keep 'em that way.

Inside of two minutes or so she'd told me her first name was Lily, and I'd fixed up a bully pedigree for myself and told it to her, about my rich uncle in Cuba, and my interest in the Wee-Wee gold mine in Chiapas, and all them things; and then I opened out my pockets, hunting for a picture of my dear sister to show her. I didn't seem to locate it; but while I was digging around for it she just accidentally happened to see my money—Farrell's money. There was some of it in every pocket, crumpled up careless and scattered around. That helped. And then by-and-by I says to her:

"Say, Miss Lily, I'm going to take you to the dance to-morrow night, over at the hall. You don't mind, do you?"

She was getting pretty warm and pink and nervous by then, with her little hand on the counter to steady herself; so I just begun to admire the pretty blue veins with the end of my finger, and I says: "I hope you don't mind, because that's the way it's going to be."

She give a short, still kind of a laugh, with a glisten in her eyes, and I could see she was coming across, even when she started to balk.

"I would be mos' please," says she, "only I am already engage' to my escort for ze dance."

I had to act horrible disappointed, of course. "Oh, thunder!" I says. "Well, but if anything should happen to him between now and then, so he don't show up, then you'll go with me. That's all right, ain't it?"

Yes, that was all right. And then I went out and found Steve and passed the word to him.

No, I don't know a thing about it. I wasn't mixed up in it at all. I could prove it by plenty of people, because most of the time I was playing solitaire in the hotel office, or loafing on the depot platform, or on the edge of the sidewalk with the boys, keeping respectable and dry and conspicuous, so everybody could see. I wasn't near Bud Farrell while it was happening. The next day somebody said something about Bud's being going some; but I hadn't even heard about it till then, and I said I was sorry a big, fat, bald man like him could lose his self-respect so bad and make such a show of himself. I didn't seem to be much interested.

Only that night, toward dark, after I'd run across Steve Brainard again and spoke with him, I just happened to be going along in front of Bud's room at the hotel and I just looked in; and there he was on his bed, all dead to the world. It looked as if he was good for hours and hours. But it didn't suit me yet, on account of some men deceiving their looks a whole lot sometimes; so I went in and shut the door behind me, and then I climbed out through the window and up on to the roof and tore the telephone wire loose—yards and yards of it—and took it back in and hog-tied him in bed with it, with his arms and legs to the posts and a half a dozen good wraps around his middle and down under the bed. Then I turned the wick inside his lamp, and mislaid his hat and boots; and then I went out and locked him in. I judged that if he got around to the dance that night he'd be too unpunctual to do him much good. Then when I'd got him all fixed I went to hunt up Miss Lily.

But I didn't find her. I might as well tell it right out. I'd let my imagination kind of get away with me. Bud Farrell wasn't the man at all she was going with that night; it was Steve Brainard. Yes, sir, he was the very son-of-a-gun! It was ten o'clock when I give up looking around for her; and when I got to the hall there she was with Steve's two arms around her, and her black head down on Steve's shoulder, cutting out a waltz. Nobody else on top of earth couldn't have played it on me that way but just Steve—getting all the fun out of blowing my twenty, with me going bone dry, and him knowing all the time. No, sir! I owe him one for that.

I couldn't do a thing but just stand there with my back against the wall. Pretty soon, when he come around to my side of the room, he saw me, and he give me a wide grin and a high motion of his hand; and then they went sailing past. I never got a chance all night.

And that wasn't all of it, either, not by a considerable; for here come Bud Farrell in through the door, all fat and cheerful, and along with him was something I'd never saw yet. It was about a half a bushel of red hair, fluffed up on top of her head, just about the color of a brand-new copper dishpan setting out in the bright sun. And down in under the hair was a new girl.

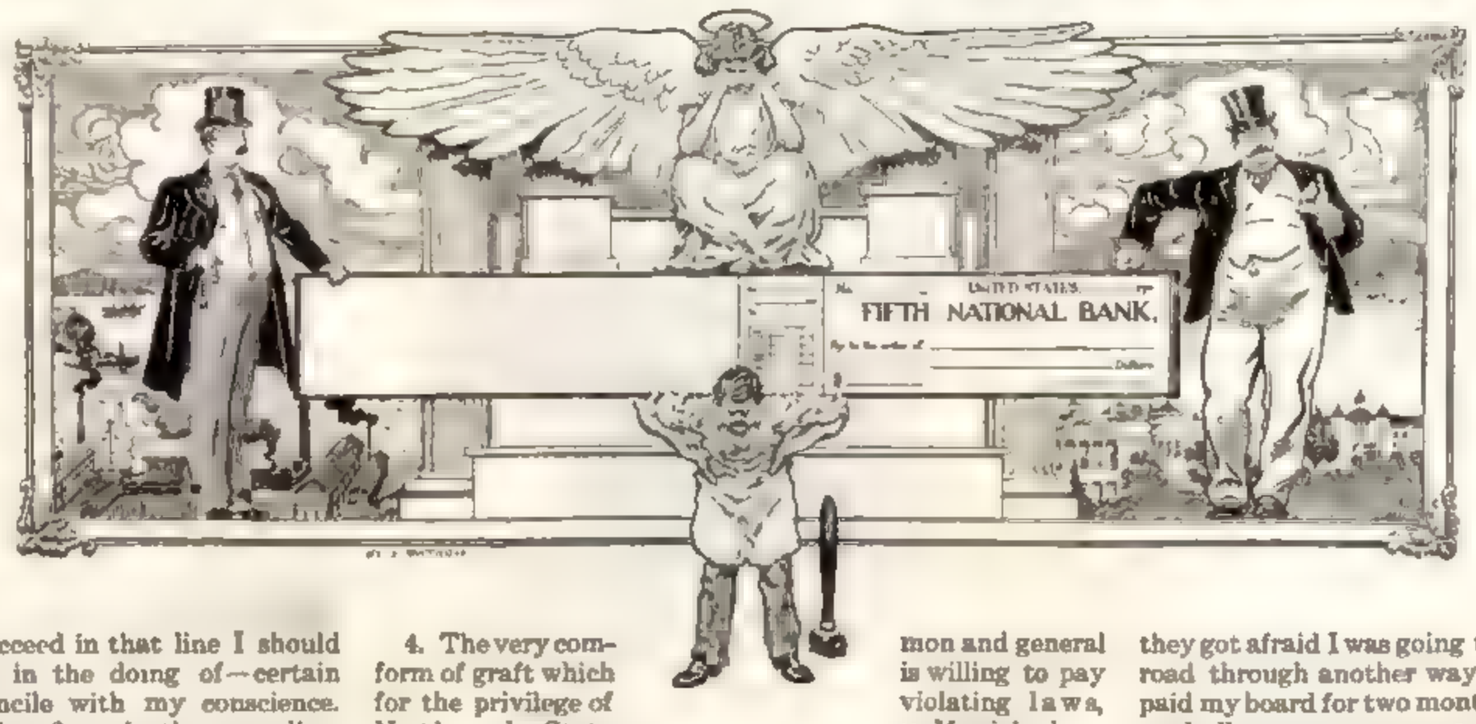
Just as soon as I got a fair sight of her I knew she was going to be awful different from Lily. She wasn't fat—I

(Concluded on Page 14)

BY FAVOR OF THE BOSS

The Hand of the Politician upon the Purse-Strings of the Business Man

By HENRY M. HYDE



THERE is so much graft in business that I—wishing to keep straight—was practically forced to become a politician."

That absurd, startling, paradoxical statement was made in all deadly seriousness by a public man of more than local reputation. No one has ever dared to breathe the slightest taint of suspicion against the polished and unspotted surface of his personal honor. To that extent his statement must go unchallenged.

"A man came to me and showed me a working capital of $100,000. 'Jack,' he said, 'I want you to go into business with me. We'll draw $5000 apiece salary and split the profits equally.'

"It was a tempting offer. I looked into it carefully. I found that to succeed in that line I should have to do—or to acquiesce in the doing of—certain things that I could not reconcile with my conscience. These things were done by other firms in the same line. We should have been obliged to do them in order to meet their competition. I declined the offer. The man who made it is now a very rich business man. I am still a very poor politician.

"I believe it is easier to be guided by a delicate sense of honor and at the same time to be successful in politics - up to the limit of your ability—than it is to combine the two in the lines of business with which I am familiar."

With that statement—which most people will be inclined to dismiss as too ridiculous for consideration—as a starter, one may be prepared to look at the subject of political-business graft from a new angle. And it may be emphasized, in passing, that the statement was not made as a joke.

Does the politician corrupt the business man? Or does the business man corrupt the politician? So long as both are equally guilty it, perhaps, makes no great difference. But the inquiry is still an interesting one.

Political-business graft may be somewhat loosely divided into four general classes:

1. Big graft, which concerns itself with the bribing of legislative bodies for the purpose of securing public franchises and other special privileges.

2. Personal graft, which pays rebates and commissions in cash or its equivalent on purchases made for public use.

3. Negative graft, which pays liberally to prevent the passage of laws which would cut down profits.

4. The very common and general form of graft which for the privilege of National, State or Municipal, is willing to pay violating laws.

Every one of these grafters, if you could get at him, would make the same excuse for—the same defense of—what he has done:

"It was necessary for the successful conduct of the business."

And therein lies the crux of the whole situation.

Consider for a moment the case of the big grafter—the franchise buyer. The methods by which he operates are notorious. No one can seriously imagine an alderman or State Senator starting out to corrupt one of these arch corruptionists. As well set a graduate of the juvenile court to lead the devil astray. Big business men must carry the burden of guilt in this class of grafting. They are the tempters.

So well recognized and so general is the practice of exploiting the public that it has created a new and profitable profession—that of franchise promoter. If a new interurban trolley line is to be laid out, for instance, it is the work of the franchise promoter to travel over the proposed route and to take such steps "as may be necessary" to secure the right-of-way. He may work on salary and "expenses," or, if it is found difficult to secure the desired rights through a certain town, an expert may be called in and offered a certain lump sum for the franchise.

In such cases, as might be expected, the franchise promoter often "plays both ends against the middle," to his own personal profit. One such had no hesitation in bragging about a recent "deal" that he had put through:

"The company was trying to get right-of-way through a certain Wisconsin city. Their regular men had been after it for a long time, but they could never 'get next.' I was called in to handle it. After looking over the ground I made the company a proposition. We finally compromised on $10,000, to be paid me when I turned over the franchise. I went up to the city in question and got into touch with the boys. They finally agreed to give me what I wanted for $5000—which would have left me a profit of the same amount. But I wasn't satisfied with that. I kept them waiting until they got afraid I was going to back out entirely and put the road through another way. So, to keep me in line, they paid my board for two months at the hotel and, in addition, paid all my expenses on a trip to New York and another trip to the St. Louis Exposition. When the deal was finally settled up I had got nearly $6000 out of the $10,000."

Does one find himself smiling at the shrewdness of this candid franchise promoter? If he does he need read no further to discover why big graft—in spite of what has been done in the way of sending guilty men to the penitentiary—is still so prevalent and still so generally unpunished.

In the first place, a good many people admire the cleverness of the big grafters and envy their huge profits. And, in the shameful second place, a great many more people themselves belong to the fourth and final class of grafters—those who pay, in one way or another, for special permission to violate some law—and who have, therefore, a half-conscious fellow-feeling for the big grafter, who does on a large scale what they are doing on a small one—that is, buys special privileges.

The bald statement that a large percentage of the business men in every community are grafters sounds like an impudent falsehood. Unless one looks into the facts somewhat closely he will be certain to resent it as such. Perhaps one may even do so after making an investigation. But before repudiating it utterly it may be worth while to glance casually at the facts along one line, at least—out of a dozen—on which it might be based.

Almost every city has a building ordinance, the provisions of which are intended to govern and regulate the

erection of all buildings within its limits. Some of these provisions are hard and onerous, and experts differ about them—but they are on the statute-books.

If one will take the building ordinance of almost any city in his hand and go out and inspect the buildings on almost any block he will find it harder to discover one building that fully and exactly complies with all the provisions of the ordinance than it will be to discover two which do not.

It is by no means charged that direct bribes are paid for permission to violate all these provisions. Your really up-to-date grafter does nothing so coarse and common—not to say dangerous—as to pay money for corrupt purposes. But suppose he wants to add a bow window to the building he is erecting. The bow window will project over the building line, and that is forbidden by the building ordinance. The alderman from his ward is a thrifty statesman who adds to his income by acting as a fire-insurance agent. He drops into the alderman's insurance office.

"Say, alderman," he says, "I wish you'd write me a policy for $10,000 on my stock. Send it over to the store tomorrow. And, say, I want a permit to stick a bow window on to that new building of mine on Main Street. I wish you'd fix it for me. Can you send the permit over at the same time with the policy?"

"Why, certainly, sir," says the alderman; "but I think you'd better make that policy for $20,000."

"You think I need that much, do you?"

"Yes, I think you'd better have it."

"All right, then."

That evening the city council meets. The alderman introduces a special order giving a permit for the desired bow window. By virtue of that exquisite aldermanic courtesy, which village statesmen copy from the grave and reverend Senate at Washington, the order goes through without a dissenting voice.

Do you happen to know any business man whose sense of honor would be shocked by such a transaction? If you do not you are further on the way to understand why it is a slow process to arouse an earnest public sentiment against the grafter who debauches legislators on a big scale. For there is no difference in principle between buying an insurance policy from an alderman, in return for which you get a special privilege to occupy a certain portion of the street space with a bow window, and buying a lot of stock, at a high rate, from a State Senator, in return for which you get a special privilege to occupy a portion of the streets with a trolley line.

If it is not a bow window it may be an electric sign, or any one of a hundred little details, in regard to which "it is necessary, for the successful conduct of the business," to get permission to violate the law.

When Money Makes Men Blind

THERE are aldermen, less resourceful than the insurance agent, who conduct a regular business in the sale of special privileges and who quote regular spot-cash prices for the various kinds of permits they have for sale.

Many cities have ordinances which are intended to prevent the fouling of the atmosphere by smoke from the stacks of power-houses and other buildings. It is usual in such cases for the mayor to appoint a smoke inspector, who is charged with the enforcement of the law.

The best way to abate the smoke nuisance is still a vexed question. The burning of anthracite coal will do it. But anthracite coal is expensive. "It is necessary for the successful conduct of the business" that bituminous coal be used. Undoubtedly few large coal consumers could run at a profit if obliged to use hard coal. But the scientific stoking and management of furnaces will do a great deal, even if soft coal is used. Unfortunately scientific stoking and the other necessary precautions cost money. Some people find it less expensive to pay the smoke inspector a regular monthly salary—or bribe—in return for which he is never able to see the thick clouds of black smoke that belch from their stacks. There have been inspectors who had regular monthly charges, graduated according to the number of stacks which were permitted to smoke or to the number of horse-power generated by the boilers under which blazed the smoking fires. This schedule is said to have been a very fair and scientific piece of work.

Apparently it has never occurred to those who so bitterly curse the inspectors for "holding them up" that a serious attempt to obey the ordinance would block the briber and, at the same time, undoubtedly prove a sufficient defense in case of attempted prosecution.

There have been also smoke inspectors who improved on the plan of charging law-breakers a certain amount per month for immunity. There was one ingenious official, for instance, who invented what he declared was a perfect smoke consumer. He sold these consumers at the low price of $100 apiece, and the device was so thoroughly successful that those who bought them were never afterward troubled with prosecutions for violations of the smoke ordinance—during his administration, at least. It made no difference whether the consumer was used as a hitching-post or a waste-basket, the chimneys of its owner did not smoke—constructively, at least—so long as the inventor held his job.

It is, of course, easy to understand why the business victims of such political grafters as these are so easily able to restrain their indignation when the subject of big political graft is under discussion.

"On the subject of graft and special privileges," said the mayor of a large city recently, "the position of the average business man, as I have found it, may be briefly stated:

"'Special privileges are damnable—when it is the other fellow who gets them.'"

In the matter of graft in the buying and selling of supplies for public use—as has been recently illustrated at Washington—the expert no longer hands a lump sum of vulgar money to the purchasing agent in return for the contract. In the first place, the law provides that contracts of any considerable size shall be let only after competitive bids have been secured, and then to the lowest bidder. Observance of that law would seem effectively to block the grafter—but it doesn't. Things are easily enough arranged if you know how, as was recently illustrated in one of the largest cities of the country.

Bids were asked for coal to supply the county institutions. An old-established firm was the lowest bidder. It got the contract. The specifications provided that each pound of coal supplied under the contract should evaporate a certain number of pounds of water, thus assuring its quality. Presently complaint came in that the quality was not up to the standard. An official test was arranged. It showed that the coal in the bins was even better than the contract called for. That was very encouraging—until, next day, it was discovered that the company holding the contract had had advance notice of the test and, by working all night, had filled the bins with a special car of high-grade coal in preparation for it.

That discovery made one of the politicians on the board which had let the contract very angry. He waited a few weeks and then, without notice to anybody, he slipped out to the institution in question and started another test. It may well have been that the telephone was very busy for the next few minutes. At any rate, the engineer in charge of the plant came out a little later and announced, with the deepest regret, that some of the machinery had unfortunately broken down and it would be utterly impossible to complete the test.

The same company supplied coal to a certain State institution. The head of that institution declared the coal delivered was the best grade of bituminous coal, naming the district where it was mined, and that it was worth every cent of $3.50 a ton—the contract price. At the station of the railroad over which all this coal was shipped documentary proof was found that every ounce of it came from an entirely different part of the State, where only the poorest grades are mined, the market price f. o. b. being seventy cents per ton and the freight rate to the place of delivery sixty cents per ton.

The secret in both these cases was the same simple one. The contracting coal firm had taken into its firm as a silent partner a politician, who, as the boss of his county, had the necessary "influence."

It is worth mentioning that neither of these coal contracts was canceled. Why not? If you happen to be a coal dealer, and you also happen to be paying some engineer or fireman a commission on every ton of coal delivered at the plant where he is employed, you may be able to throw some light on the question. There are such coal dealers, and they make it increasingly hard for other dealers in the same line to make their business successful without imitating their tactics. Their existence makes it easier to understand why the coal trade does not organize to force the cancellation of such absolutely dishonest contracts as those instanced above.

Nor does the political-business grafter confine himself to what—with a wry face—one may call his "legitimate" field. Here is an instance in the same line of business:

A coal salesman in an Eastern city paid a business call on a manufacturer with whom he had previously had large dealings, and with whom, also, his personal relations were somewhat intimate.

"I might as well be frank with you," said the manufacturer. "I can't give you a big contract this year. Smith was in to see me this week, and he said he wished I'd give the Yellow Bull Mining Company a good share of my business this year. Smith, you know, is the man who will have the last word to say in fixing the amount of my taxes, and I'll have to do as he says. If I can save out a piece of the tonnage for you I'll be glad to do it."

It should be unnecessary to explain that the chief owner of the Yellow Bull Mining Company is a business-politician who has much to do with keeping Smith, another of the same kind, in his official position.

Consider this matter of taxes a little further. The mere mention of the word is enough to make a great many people sit up and look around them, more or less guiltily. Before one puts full confidence in the reason given by George Washington for confessing his assault on the cherry tree, one would really like to have a look at the tax schedules sworn to by the father of his country. And there are people who are not content with putting in their visible property at the least it could possibly bring if sold at forced sale under the hammer. Not long ago several more or less prominent business men—managers of a big real-estate investment in a Western city—were indicted for paying a large sum of money to a public employee on condition that he should mark their taxes as paid on the books of the collector. What is more to the point, there are in almost every large town a number of rascals who annually make a considerable sum of money by plying their trade of "tax fixing." As a rule they have no connection of any kind with any public office, but their perennial persistence would seem to indicate that, in spite of occasional exposures, they still find a profitable number of people who are ready to "do business." A year or two ago a couple of women in Chicago filed honest schedules of their property, and the thing was looked upon as so remarkable that it was published as the biggest piece of news in a week.

Public Offices Syndicated

IN MORE than one city and county the public finances—which are the life-blood of a government as of a business—are controlled by a regularly organized syndicate of bankers and big business men. Before the nominating conventions are held this syndicate secures pledges in writing from the men who are candidates for nomination to the offices of county and city treasurer. In these pledges it is provided that all public funds which shall come under the control of the nominee, in case of his election, shall be deposited in certain specified banks, which are owned or controlled by members of the syndicate. It is further agreed that the city or county treasurer making such deposits shall be entitled to draw, say, one-half of one per cent. interest on monthly balances, the remaining interest to be divided among the members of the syndicate. Another provision is that, in return for the furnishing of the large official bond required of such treasurers, the syndicate shall be allowed to name the chief deputy treasurer who shall have complete executive charge of the office.

In other words, many candidates for such offices are required as an essential to their nomination practically to give up everything into the hands of a syndicate, retaining nothing but the official title, all or part of the legitimate salary, and a small "bit" of the interest on public funds. And so thoroughly are such syndicates sometimes organized that it is told of one of them that it had in its strong box at the same time the written pledges of both the Republican and Democratic nominees for the same office.

It would seem to be a comparatively easy matter to stop this particular form of political-business graft, and at the same time to make sure that all interest on public funds shall be turned into the public treasury. Let it be made the law that every official who has to do with the handling of public funds shall be bonded by one of the regular bonding companies, his bond to be paid for out of the public funds and to secure the Government—State, County or Municipal—not only against dishonesty, but against any misappropriation of the interest. Such a law would also have a wholesome effect on the political managers, who would hesitate about nominating a man whose record might make it hard or impossible for him to secure a bond through regular business channels.

Time and time again it has been declared that what is needed in politics is the adoption of business methods.

"Put business men into office and we shall have an end of graft and grafters!" That has been the keynote of many a Municipal and State campaign. But the prescription does not seem to do the patient much good. There have been business mayors and business governors and—almost without exception—their administrations have been as bad or worse than those that preceded and followed them.

WOMEN IN THE COURTS

Emotional Justice with Beauty at the Bar

By ARTHUR C. TRAIN

Here the Jury is Apt to Leap to a Conclusion, Rendered Easy by the Attractiveness of the Witness

THE ratio of women to men indicted and tried for crimes is, roughly, about one to ten. Could adequate statistics be procured, the proportion of female to male complainants in criminal cases would very likely prove to be about the same. In a very substantial proportion, therefore, of all prosecutions for crime a woman is one of the chief actors. The law of the land compels the female prisoner to submit the question of her guilt or innocence to twelve individuals of the opposite sex; and permits the female complainant to rehearse the story of her wrongs before the same collection of colossal intellects and adamantine hearts.

The first thing the ordinary woman hastens to do if she be summoned to appear in a court of justice is not, as might be expected, to ponder studiously upon her testimony or try to recall facts obliterated or confused by time, but to buy a new hat; and precisely the same thing is true of the female defendant called to the bar of justice, whether it be for stealing a pair of gloves or poisoning her lover.

Yet how far does the element of sex defeat the ends of justice? To answer this question it is necessary to determine how far juries are liable to favor the testimony of a woman plaintiff merely because she is a woman, and how far sympathy for a woman arraigned as a prisoner is likely to warp their judgment.

How Women Sway Juries

AS TO the first, it is fairly safe to say that a woman is much more likely to win a verdict in a civil court or to persuade the jury that the prisoner is guilty in a criminal case than a man would be in precisely similar circumstances. In most criminal prosecutions for the ordinary run of felonies, little injustice is likely to result from this. There is one exception, however, where juries should reach conclusions with extreme caution, namely, where charges are brought by women against members of the opposite sex. Here the jury is apt to leap to a conclusion, rendered easy by the attractiveness of the witness and the feeling that the defendant is a "cur anyway," and ought to be "sent up."

The difficulty of determining, even in one's office, the true character of a plausible woman is enhanced tenfold in the courtroom, where the lawyer is generally compelled to proceed upon the assumption that the witness is a person of irreproachable life and antecedents. Unless he has positive proof to the contrary, almost any young woman may create a favorable impression, provided her taste in dress be not too flamboyant, and even when it is so the jury are not apt to distinguish between that which cries to Heaven and that which is merely "elegant."

When the complaining witness is a woman who has merely lost money through the acts of the defendant, the jury are not so readily moved to accept her story *in toto* as when the crime charged is of a different character. They realize that the complainant, feeling that she has been injured, may be inclined to color her testimony, perhaps unconsciously, until the wrong becomes a crime.

An ordinary example of this variety of prosecution is where the witness is a young woman from the East Side, usually a Polish or Russian Jewess, who charges the defendant, a youth of about her own age, with stealing her money by means of false pretenses. They have been engaged to be married, and she has turned over her small savings to him to purchase the diamond ring and perhaps to set him up in a modest business of his own. He has then fallen in love with some other girl, has broken the engagement, and the ring now adorns the fourth finger of her rival. Her money is gone. She is without a *dot*. She hurries with her parents and loudly vociferating friends to the Essex Market Police Court and secures a warrant for the defendant on the theory that he defrauded her by "trick and device" or "false representations." Usually the only "representation" has been a promise to marry her. Her real motive is revenge upon her faithless fiancé. In nine cases out of ten the fellow is a cad, who has deliberately deserted her after getting her money, but it is doubtful whether any real crime is involved.

The Effective Tactics of Gwendolyn

IF THE judge lets the case go to the jury it is a pure gamble as to what the result will be, and it largely turns on the girl's physical attractiveness. If she be pretty and demure a mixture of emotions is aroused in the jury. "He probably did love her," say the twelve, "because any one would be likely to do so; if he did love her, of course he didn't falsely pretend to do so; but if he deserted a woman like that he ought to be in jail anyway." Thus the argument that ought to *acquit* in fact may *convict* the defendant. If the rival also is pretty, hopeless confusion results, while if the complainant be a homely girl the jury feels that he must have intended to swindle her anyway, as he could never have honestly intended to marry her. Thus in any case the Lothario is apt to pay a severe penalty for his faithlessness.

The man prosecuted by a woman, provided she cannot be persuaded to withdraw the charge against him, is likely to get but cold consideration for his side of the story and short shrift in the jury-room. Turn about, if he can get a young and attractive woman to swear to his alibi or good reputation, the honest masculine citizen whom he has defrauded may very likely have to whistle for his revenge. Many a scamp has gone free by producing some sweetly demure maiden who faithfully swears that she knows him to be an honest man. A blush at the psychological moment and a wink from the lawyer is quite enough to lead the jury to believe that, if they acquit the defendant, they will "make the young lady happy," whereas if he is convicted she will remain for aye a heart-broken spinster. Very likely she may be only the merest acquaintance.

Do not assume that the ladies are unconscious of their influence. The writer is not likely to forget the description given him by a friend of a distinguished lawyer's instructions to his lady client—who happened also to be a childhood acquaintance—as she was about to go into court as the plaintiff in a suit for damages:

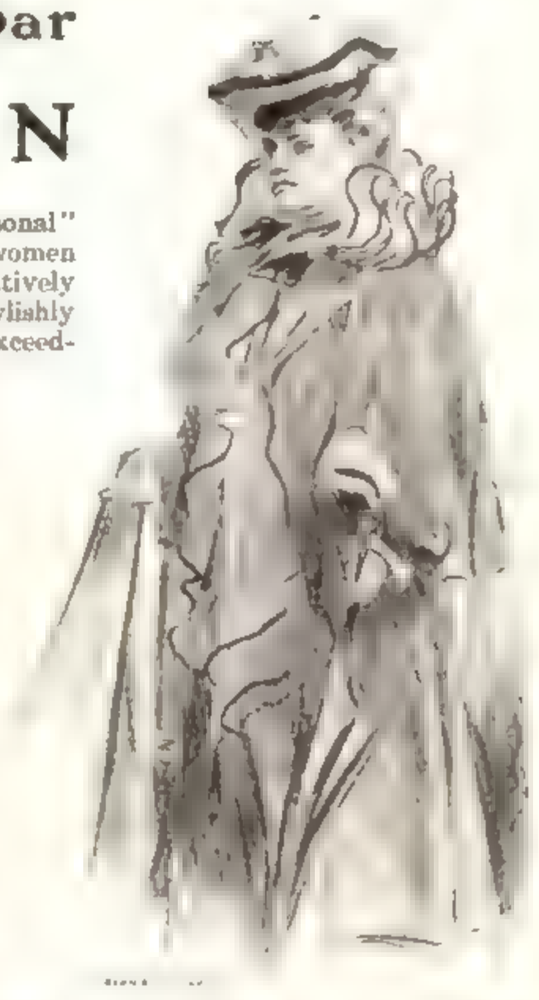
"I would fold my hands in my lap, Gwendolyn—yes, like that—and be calm, very calm. And Gwendolyn, above all things, be *demure*, Gwendolyn! Be *demure!*"

Gwendolyn was the demurest of the demure, letting her eyes fall beneath their pendent black lashes at the conclusion of each answer, and won her case without the slightest difficulty.

The unconscious or conscious influence of women upon the intellects of jurymen has given rise to a very prevalent impression that it is difficult if not impossible successfully to prosecute a woman for crime. This feeling expresses itself in general statements to the effect that as things stand to-day a woman may commit murder as often as she chooses. Experience, supplemented by the official records, demonstrates, however, that, curious as it must seem, the same sentiment aroused by a woman supposed to have been *wronged* is not inspired in a jury by a woman *accused* of crime. It is, indeed, true that juries are apt to be more lenient with women than with men, but this leniency shows itself not in acquitting them of the crime charged against them, but of finding them guilty in lower degrees. Of this something will be said later.

Of course, if a woman is the complainant the jury will convict a female defendant as readily as a man.

In the year 1902 an attractive woman was tried for grand larceny in the first degree. She was charged with having been a party to a conspiracy by which another woman was induced to make a loan of $5000 upon a bogus bond and mortgage. The defendant stoutly denied that she had stated one of the papers to be a mortgage bond, but explained that she had told her friend that it was a "personal" bond. Both women were comparatively well-to-do, stylishly dressed, and exceedingly good looking. The evidence was merely one woman's word against another's—in a masculine case an almost hopeless situation. But, true to the foregoing principles, the jury took the side of the supposedly injured female against the accused, standing eleven to one for conviction on the first trial. The seventh juror, a barber with a delicately waxed mustache, succumbed to the charms of the defendant, and a disagreement resulted. On the second trial, the jury, which contained no member of the aforesaid profession, convicted the defendant upon the first ballot.



Almost Any Young Woman May Create a Favorable Impression, Provided Her Taste in Dress be Not Too Flamboyant

Flagrant miscarriages of justice frequently occur, which, by reason of their widespread publicity in the press, would seem to justify the almost universal opinion that women are immune from the penalties for homicide. It is also true that such miscarriages of justice are more likely when the defendant is a woman than if he be a man.

Some Hysterical Acquittals

ONE of these hysterical acquittals which give color to popular impression, but which the writer believes to be an exception "proving the rule," was the case of a young mother tried and acquitted for murder in the first degree December 22, 1904. This young woman, whose history was pathetic in the extreme, was shown clearly by the evidence to have deliberately taken the life of her child by giving it carbolic acid. The story was a shocking one, yet the jury apparently never considered at all the possibility of convicting her, but on retiring to the jury-room spent their time in discussing how much money they should present her on her acquittal. In the last five years in New York County, with the exception of the case next mentioned in which peculiar circumstances were involved, this is the only instance of which the writer is aware wherein a jury deliberately disregarded their oaths and, under the spell of a woman's tears, arrogated to themselves the pardoning power of the Executive.

A similar case was that of a young Italian woman indicted for the murder of her lover in 1904. She was a Madonna-like young person with a mass of wavy chestnut hair and attractive features. The evidence was practically conclusive. She had followed the man down the winding stairs of a dark tenement for three flights and then deliberately shot him twice in the neck. Throughout the trial she sat smiling at the jury, took the stand, calmly denied every fact alleged against her, and, at the conclusion, the jury acquitted her in defiance of law and of their oaths, as the saying is, "on the run."

No better actor ever played a part upon the courtroom stage than old "Bill" Howe. His every move and gesture was considered with reference to its effect upon the jury, and the climax of his summing-up was always accompanied by some dramatic exhibition calculated to arouse sympathy for his client. Himself an adept at shedding tears at will, he seemed able to induce them when needed in the lachrymal glands of the most hardened culprit whom he happened to be defending.

Mr. Francis Wellman tells the story of how he was once prosecuting a woman for the murder of her lover, whom she

had shot rather than allow him to desert her. She was a parson's daughter who had gone wrong and there seemed little to be said in her behalf. She sat at the bar the picture of injured innocence, with a look of spirituality which she must have conjured up from the storehouse of her memories of her father. Howe was rather an exquisite so far as his personal habits were concerned, and allowed his finger-nails to grow to an extraordinary length. He had arranged that at the climax of his address to the jury he would turn and, tearing away the slender hands of his client from her tear-stained face, challenge the jury to find guilt written there. Wellman was totally unprepared for this and a shiver ran down his spine when he saw Howe, his face surcharged with apparent emotion, turn suddenly toward his client and roughly thrust away her hands. As he did so he imbedded his finger-nails in her cheeks, and the girl uttered an involuntary scream of nervous terror and pain that made the jury turn cold.

"Look, gentlemen! Look in this poor creature's face! Does she look like a guilty woman? No! A thousand times no! Those are the tears of innocence and shame! Send her back to her aged father to comfort his old age! Let him clasp her in his arms and press his trembling lips to her hollow eyes! Let him wipe away her tears and bid her sin no more!"

The jury acquitted, and Wellman, aghast, followed them downstairs to inquire how such a thing were possible. The jurors said that they had agreed to disclose nothing of their deliberations.

The Seventh Juror, a Barber with a Delicately Waxed Mustache, Succumbed to the Charms of the Defendant

"But," explained Wellman, "you see, in a way I am your attorney and I wanted to know how to do better next time. She had offered to plead guilty if she could get off with twenty years!"

The abashed jury slunk downstairs in silence and the secret of their deliberations remains as yet untold.

In spite of such cases, where guilty women have been acquitted through maudlin sentiment or in response to popular clamor, nothing could be more erroneous than the idea that few women who are brought to the bar of justice are made to suffer for their offenses. On the contrary, the writer ventures the opinion that the same reverence for woman which arouses man's sympathy when a female witness retails her wrongs, creates in the jury a feeling of humiliation and disgust at the sight of a woman really guilty of crime. They are inclined to feel that, if the evidence warrants it, an example should be made of her for the sake of the honor of the sex, and if she be of an attractive personality are apt to lean over backward in their determination not to be influenced by sympathy. This, however, goes no further than to create a willingness to convict. In the matter of *degree* of crime, juries undeniably favor women. These generalizations seem to be borne out by the records.

Thus, although no woman has suffered the death penalty in New York County in twenty years, *the average number of convictions for crime is practically the same for women as for men in proportion to the number indicted.* The last unreversed conviction of a woman for murder in the first degree was that of Chiarrnsiso Cignarle, in May, 1887. Her sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. Since then sixteen women have been actually tried before juries for murder with the following results:

Convicted of murder in first degree	0
" " murder in second degree	3
" " manslaughter in first degree	3
" " manslaughter in second degree	5
Acquitted	4
Disagreed (case of Nan Patterson)	1
Total	16

Counting the Patterson case as an acquittal, the percentage of convictions to acquittals is as follows:

	Convictions	Acquittals	Per cent. convictions	Per cent. acquittals
1886–1906	12	4	75%	25%

It is distinctly interesting to compare this with the table showing the results of all the homicide trials for the past six years irrespective of the sex of the defendants:

	Convictions	Acquittals	Per cent. convictions	Per cent. acquittals
1900	5	12	29%	71%
1901	17	17	50%	50%
1902	15	11	58%	42%
1903	24	8	75%	25%
1904	19	14	58%	42%
1905	18	13	58%	42%
Total	98	75	Aver. 57%	Aver. 43%

The reader will observe that the percentage of convictions to acquittals of women defendants averages eighteen per cent. greater than the percentage for both sexes. A more elaborate table would show that where the defendants are men there are a greater proportionate number of *acquittals*, but more verdicts in a higher degree. A verdict of manslaughter in the second degree in the case of a man charged with murder is infrequent, but convictions of murder in the second degree are exceedingly common.

The reason for the *higher* percentage of convictions of women is that fewer women who commit crime are prosecuted than men; that they are rarely indicted unless they are actually guilty of the degree of crime charged against them; although practically every man who is charged with homicide and who it seems may be found guilty is indicted for murder in the first degree.

The trial of women for crime invariably arouses keen public interest, and the dethronement of a Czar, or the assassination of an Emperor, an earthquake or a deluge, pales to insignificance before the prosecution of a woman for murder. Some of this interest is fictitious and stimulated merely by the yellow press, but a great deal of it is genuine. The writer remembers attending a dinner of gray-headed judges and counselors during the trial of Ann Eliza, alias "Nan," Patterson, where one would have supposed that the lightest subject of conversation would not be less weighty than the constitutionality of an income tax, and finding to his astonishment that the only topic for which they showed any zest was whether "Nan" would be found guilty.

"Above All Things, be *Demure*, Gwendolyn! Be *Demure!*"

One of the earliest, if not the earliest, record of a woman being held for murder is that of Agnes Archer, indicted by twelve men on April 4, 1435, sworn before the Mayor and Coroner to inquire as to the death of Alice Colynbourgh. The quaint old report begins in Latin, but "the pleadings" are set forth in the language of the day, as follows:

"Agnes Archer, is that thy name? which answered, yes. . . . Thou are endyted that thou . . . felony morderiste her with a knyff fyve tymes in the throte stekyng, throwe the wheche stekyng the saide Alys is deed. . . . I am not guilty of thoo dedys, ne noon of them, God help me so. . . . How wylte thou acquite the? . . . . By God and by my neighbours of this town."

The subsequent history of Agnes is lost in obscurity, but since she had to procure but thirty-six compurgators who were prepared to swear that they believed her innocent, and as she was at liberty to choose these herself from her native village of Winchelsea, it is probable that she escaped.

Of the many interesting cases against women in the last twenty years in New York County alone may be mentioned that of Annie Walton, convicted of murder in the second degree in April, 1892, sentenced to life imprisonment and pardoned in 1900; Rose Quinn, convicted of murder in the second degree in April, 1903, and sentenced for life; Mary A. Fleming, acquitted of the charge of murder, June, 1896; Louise Vermule, acquitted of forgery in March, 1899; Clara Adler, acquitted of murder in December, 1904; Fayne S. Moore, charged with grand larceny and discharged April, 1899; Catherine Dreiser, convicted of manslaughter in January, 1904; Rosa di Pietro, acquitted of murder in 1904; Mary Jennings, convicted of murder in the second degree in October, 1901, and sentenced for life; and Marie Barberi, acquitted December 10, 1896.

This last remarkable case attracted much attention at the time, as the Italian Government displayed a keen interest in the proceedings. The Barberi woman had killed her sweetheart, who had refused to marry her, and was indicted on May 14, 1895, for murder in the first degree. She was tried before Recorder Goff and convicted of murder in the first degree July 15, 1895, and sentenced to be electrocuted. A considerable agitation resulted, largely through the efforts of the Italian Consul in New York, and the judgment was later reversed. A year and a half later she was tried a second time, and acquitted December 10, 1896.

The trials of all female prisoners are not, however, tragic or heartrending. Though "irrelevant," the writer cannot refrain from recounting the following incident to which he was personally a witness in the courtroom.

"Gentlemen of the jury," began the prosecutor, "this colored woman is charged with the larceny of a purse from the complainant, an Italian. She stopped him in the street, inquired the time, snatched his purse and ran. She was quickly lost in the crowd, but, luckily, the Italian remembered that she had a golden tooth and finally identified her by that one tooth."

"The Quest of the Golden Girl," interpolated the defendant's counsel.

Then the Italian told his story.

"Gentlemen," said the defendant's lawyer, "this is one of those cases where the truth gleams everywhere. I observe that his Honor has a gold tooth, that the prosecutor has a gold tooth, and that so has the officer who arrested the defendant. I myself have a gold tooth, and I am sure that at least ten of you gentlemen upon the jury have likewise. In addition to this, you are all fully aware of the custom, I might say fashion, prevalent among colored people, of having a false or outside tooth of gold made to slip over a perfectly wholesome molar, to give, as it were, an air of elegance and richness to the mouth of the wearer. In view of this, could it be possible that twelve honest men would find my innocent client guilty upon such a flimsy identification? But, gentlemen, I have an argument that effectively demolishes the whole theory of the prosecution —Lizzie, open your mouth!"

A Little Witness

His client spread her jaws in an expansive grin, disclosing two golden teeth, one on each side.

"You see, gentlemen!" exclaimed the lawyer dramatically. "The so-called identification proves that my client is not the guilty party. They have arrested the wrong person."

"But, Mr.——," retorted the prosecutor, "when she took the Italian's purse she was *'laughing on the other side of her mouth!'"*

Fortunately the sight of a woman, save of the very lowest class, at the bar of justice is extremely rare. The number of cases where women of good environment appear as defendants in the criminal courts in the course of a year may be numbered upon the fingers of a single hand, and, although the number of female defendants may equal ten per cent. of the total number of males, not one-tenth of the women brought to the bar of justice have had the benefit of an honest bringing up and good surroundings.

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On June First the present club subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will be withdrawn, and the regular subscription price will be fixed at $1.50 the year flat. Those who are not subscribers should send their orders at once; those who are subscribers may renew their subscriptions at the present club price of $1.25, the new subscription to commence at the expiration of the present one.

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Corporations in Stripes

THE Government seems unable to find any adequate punishment for offending corporations. A fine of a few thousand dollars for violating the statutes, not enough to pay the expenses of conviction, is merely ridiculous. The officers are "immune," and as a corporation they can afford to pay the fine and laugh in their sleeves at the prosecuting attorney. A Chicago lawyer has suggested a method of punishment that is at once extremely simple and yet so effective that, if once inflicted, it would cure a corporation of any wish to come within the jurisdiction of the court for a repetition of the offense—and that is to imprison the offending corporation.

If a corporation has rights before the law independent of those of its individual members and officers, it must have some kind of being, of existence, independent of its members and officers. If the court desires to punish this offending person, let it treat it like any common criminal and send it up for a given period—in other words, put it in restraint and deprive it of its liberties and independence. Thus, during the duration of its sentence, the corporation would be the creature of the court. If the court saw fit it could send its prisoner to solitary confinement—that is, it could order all its activity suspended for a period—the business would close shop for the time, so to speak. Or if the court preferred to put its prisoner at hard labor, the product of the corporate activity—its earnings—would be at the disposal of the State, just as the product of the convict working in the penitentiary goes to the State. The profit of the Standard Oil corporation for a sixty-day sentence, for example, would be a very tidy addition to the income of the Government, and might be devoted to the Department of Justice to help pay the cost of keeping the corporations in order.

Such a system of punishment, really very simple to operate, would work wonders upon the corporation conscience that has been hitherto a callous instrument. The fear of "doing time" would make the Steel Trust very scrupulous about rebates; thirty days "in the pen" would cure the Pennsylvania Railroad of any desire toward illegal combination. As for the members of the Beef Trust, a series of short three-day sentences would keep them on the run.

One of the objects of modern punishment is reform, and nothing could be more reformatory of morals and manners for a great corporation than a thorough jail sentence. The court would see that the criminal had a bath—not an immunity one, but a moral one; it would appoint an officer to examine into the corporate habits and see if they could be improved in the direction of honesty and respect of the rights of the public. There might be also indeterminate sentences for the weaker criminals so that they could be strengthened in their resolves to lead pure and upright lives, after their release, by being amenable to the discipline of the court in case they returned to their evil ways.

It is needless to add that, under such conditions, stockholders would exercise the greatest care in the selection of their executive officers, and that the officers themselves would hesitate before committing the property in their charge to improper courses of conduct. There might be some falling-off in boards of directors; the dummy director would find more risk and less profit from adorning the stationery of innumerable corporations; and stockholders would not be willing to pay big salaries to men whose sole recommendation is that they can successfully break the laws of the land.

Ripping Up the Coal Trust

WE EXPECT that Charles E. Hughes will ably perform the duty assigned him by President Roosevelt "to take under consideration all the facts now known, or which can be ascertained, relating to the transportation and sale of coal in interstate commerce," and that the elaborate governmental investigation will disclose what has long been well known to every user of coal in the country, namely, that the Reading and its railroad allies control, and arbitrarily fix prices for, the anthracite fuel supply of the nation. As to the further conclusion, often hopefully stated, that it will result in "ripping up" the coal combine and making it easier for the consumer to keep his nickel-plated base-burner going, we are exceedingly dubious.

The facts are known. Very likely they involve violations of statutes against restraints of trade. Precious few modern industrial activities do not—when the great object of business in late years has been to eliminate competition. Ripping up combines may appeal to editorial tastes for the dramatic; but the practical value of the performance is sadly lessened by the circumstance that the combines never, in any case, stay ripped. When the Government has proved the existence of a coal combine, what is it going to do about it if it honestly accepts the fact that to rip this one will result merely in the creation of another in some different form? Do we hear the great defenders of the Constitution in the Senate, who constitute so insuperable a factor in legislation, rising to suggest that the Interstate Commerce Commission be given power to fix the price of coal and regulate its distribution?

The President has spoken eloquently about the man with the muck-rake. He might add, for his own guidance, a temperate word of caution against over-assiduous devotion to any sort of rake. The insurance investigation was highly necessary and useful. It is possible, however, to employ the same implement not only at a sheer waste of time and energy, but with positively detrimental results—as witness the beef investigation.

The Making of a Man

A MAN died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, the other day who was much more than a learned man. Professor Nathaniel Shaler was not a great geologist, probably, according to the standards of modern science. Experts in his subject sometimes laughed at his theories and called him a crank. But he was capable of seeing the human side, the eternal side, of his subject, and, to the many thousands of students who had passed through his classes during the thirty-eight years of his connection with Harvard University, he had presented an imaginative conception of science. He had broadened for all these men their ideas of this universe and, incidentally, of their own function in it. A few among them became in their turn teachers or scientists, but the many went out into the world, carrying with them some great and stimulating ideas about the earth on which they were to live and work. Moreover, Professor Shaler was a notable gentleman. A Kentuckian, he had served in the Union army before becoming a teacher, and there was a kind of fiery chivalry in his soul that made him a natural leader of youth. He made it his business to know the students, not merely those who came to him, but all the students whom he could help, in sickness or health. When he died, he was by all odds the best-known man in Harvard University, scarcely excepting the president.

The kind of professor that Shaler was is going out in American universities. Professional standards are rising all the time, and the result is that, in place of the cultivated, broad-minded, imaginative scholar of the past, who took large if inexact views of his subject, we have the well-trained specialist. The modern man may do more to advance his science, but the older type did more for his students than teach them: he helped to make good citizens of them.

Sunny Jims

THE stock-market was demoralized by the disaster at San Francisco—not so much because a large amount of property was destroyed as because the catastrophe depressed men's minds. The sensitive nerves of finance responded to a sad national mood. Those who were in Chicago at the time of the Iroquois Theatre fire, in which four hundred lives were lost, will remember how the spirit of the whole city was darkened and its nerves relaxed. Similar events everywhere produce such results.

We Americans, more than any other people, cherish the professional optimist who teaches that a sprightly grin is the only proper face to turn upon life. He insists upon the "happy ending" always—immovably demands that we must consider only things that are uplifting in the way of being cheerful. Confronted even by an earthquake, he produces his handful of "bright side" pills and declares that it is our moral duty to take them instantly, lest we commit the sin of being sad. He is a true patent-medicine man; his nostrum will cure everything—is to be taken at all times. Perhaps the great vogue which he enjoys is due to the basic stratum of genuine optimism in the national character; perhaps it is due, in part, to an overstrained condition of the nerves.

People who giggle at a funeral are generally hysterical. It is great to have faith and courage; but somewhat idiotic to say that we should persistently look away from all the things which make those virtues useful. If life were really the merry, sunshiny affair that the professional optimist would have us think it, faith and courage would be quite superfluous. Any shallow fool could meet its conditions successfully by keeping up a simper. A fixed smile is sure to become rather vacuous. The men whose lives and thoughts have, by universal agreement, given the highest expression of human existence were not of the Sunny Jim school.

Hear! Hear!

A RADICAL lady paralyzed tradition at its own hearthstone the other day by shouting "Hear! Hear!" from the gallery of the House of Commons. She was promptly arrested and led out. Radical persons nowadays are taking many shocking liberties that are not preventable. Conservatism sits by, purple and stony with indignation, yet perfectly helpless, and sees them send some sixty workmen who are little better than Socialists into the British Parliament where they speed the building of municipal lodgings and so on. It cannot keep them from doing this, or a hundred other things that outrage respectable tradition. But there is a point, thank fortune, where it can resist effectively. Let anybody shout in the gallery and out he goes!

Perhaps one could discover, in our own land, an earnest little group of conservative gentlemen whose feelings would be rather relieved if somebody should yell in the gallery and suffer condign ejectment before their indignant eyes. Mr. Taft is getting all the applause because he expresses such radicalism as has made the present Administration popular. We fancy that Mr. Root, Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Shaw, while attentively awaiting the call for a truly safe and sane leader, would find the prolonged suspense a bit less trying if somebody should make a row in the gallery and they could behold law and order, in the blue-coated, brass-buttoned person of a policeman, sternly avenging itself upon the offender.

Various signs suggest that it is not exactly a happy day for conservatism. Our task has been to make railroads, open mines, sow fields—in short, to build the plant for developing the material resources of the country. We have done this notably well. The questions now uppermost are as to how and for whose benefit we are going to operate the plant—which naturally brings on for discussion policies that were little heard of when the task was, in the main, merely to build. Conservatism and new policies never get on happily together. Possibly some of the recent impassioned pointing out, here and there, of several disorderly persons in the press gallery was due to nerves that had become irritated by a growing suspicion that the meeting, on the whole, wasn't going to turn out satisfactorily.

MEN & WOMEN

A New Circulating Medium

WINTHROP MURRAY CRANE is a Senator who talks to every other Senator, but only talks to one Senator at a time. He is the most remarkable mixer who has arrived in Washington in years. He has been in the Senate but sixteen months and he already knows more about that body than most of its members, and will know more about it than any of them in another year.

Crane circulates. He is a quiet, unobtrusive, modest little man, and he has the faculty of making everybody like him. When he shakes hands and smiles Senators naturally go ahead and talk about everything, from the trouble with the butler to their innermost, secret thoughts on pending measures, and how they intend to vote. He is as sympathetic as the right kind of a sympathetic woman and as kindly as one of those grandmothers they write about in books. It is impossible not to warm up to him. He comes along and smiles, and away they all go and tell him things they are afraid to tell themselves.

There have been mixers in the Senate—plenty of them—men with the lingering political handshake reduced to its utmost science, who could tell stories and were good company and popular. Crane is different. There is nothing of the professional genial about him. He does it in another way. When personal magnetism is mentioned one thinks of Blaine and the others who have had the power of attracting and holding people. Crane is magnetic, too, but it is a different kind of magnetism. It would be absurd to compare him to Blaine. Still, Crane hooks his friends to him as Blaine did. Ask anybody why he likes Crane. There is no search for a reason. The reply is, always. "Because he is the most lovable man I have ever known."

Gentle, soft-spoken, but with a brain that works like chain-lightning and a political and business judgment that his associates say is infallible, he seems the natural repository for personal information. Before he went into politics, the people of Dalton, Massachusetts, all came to him when they had any joy or sorrow, when they wanted advice on any subject. They all called him "Murray" and trusted him. He did not look for place, for his father, who was a power in the State before him, told him the way to do things in politics was not to hold office. The political place that suits Crane is one on a State or National Committee when he can run things unobserved by the multitude. They forced the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor on him and he was elected. The Lieutenant-Governor apprenticeship, in Massachusetts, almost always leads to the governorship. So it did for Crane. He was Governor.

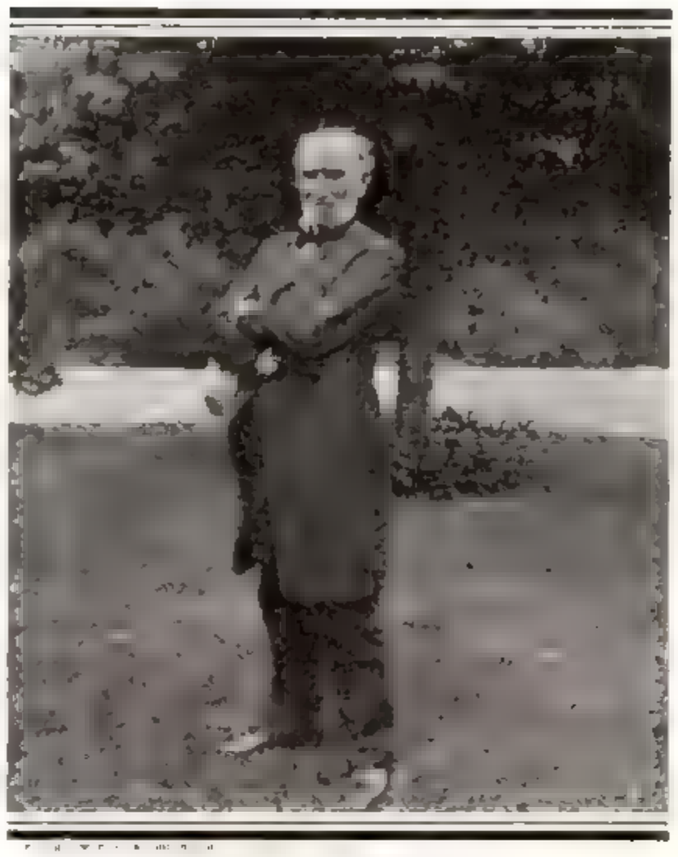
Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, Working off Weight

It was just the same in the State as it had been at Dalton. He moved around and got to know everybody. They all came to him and talked things over. When he had finished his terms as Governor he retired and busied himself with his paper mills and the Republican National Committee. He was appointed and later elected to the Senate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of that great patriot, George Frisbie Hoar, and the Senate took to him just as the people of Dalton had done, and Massachusetts after Dalton. A good many Senators, even though he has been in Washington less than two years, would go to him if they were in trouble. It is hard to explain his attraction to men. Perhaps the best way to put it is that he is so human. There are no frills, no affectations, no bunco, no pretensions. He is a real man.

He is so modest that he effaces himself whenever he can. He has never had an office that was not put upon him. He would be scared stiff if he were suddenly asked to make a speech. His appearance is so commonplace that no one would give him a second glance if he were passing on the street. Yet this man, if he elects to stay in the Senate, will become one of the most effective men in that body.

The Senate is made up of fireworks and firemen and several sticks of punk. The fireworks send off the sparks. The firemen do the work and keep it going. Crane is in the firemen class, and will soon be one of the bosses.

He has the keenest sense of humor, bubbles over with good nature, likes a joke and plays many a sly one, knows



Uncle Joe Standing Pat

shams and punctures them on occasion, and works on the theory that the way to know men—even Senators—is to get acquainted with them. His colleague, Henry Cabot Lodge, has been a Senator for thirteen years. Senator Nixon, of Nevada, came into the Senate at the same time Crane did. A few weeks ago Lodge was mourning to Crane because he could not find out how Nixon stood on the question of reporting out of committee the Philippine Tariff bill. Lodge is chairman of the Philippine committee.

"He has only been here a year," said Lodge, "and, although he is on my committee, I do not know him well enough to ask him such a question. We all have been trying to find out."

"Why," said Crane, "I'll find out."

"How?" asked Lodge, astonished at the newcomer.

"I'll ask him," said Crane. "I know him very well."

The task the experienced Lodge had been worrying about for two weeks occupied Crane for about two minutes. "Nixon," he said, "how are you going to vote on reporting out the Philippine Tariff bill?"

It was the most natural question in the world, both to Nixon and from Crane. Nixon told without hesitating, and Lodge was amazed that a new Senator could do a thing like that.

Crane's especial love is a new Senator, a "baby" like himself. He knew most of the Republican leaders when he went into the Senate, because of his long service on the Republican National Committee. All he had to do was to renew acquaintance with them after he took his seat. The new fellows, who have votes, but who are awkward at first, are all fond of Crane. He looks them up, both Democrats and Republicans, talks with them on their own and his basis of newness, gets their ideas and knows all about them in jig time.

When such an ability to make friends is coupled with a political sagacity that is extraordinary and a great business capacity in one small man, the output is bound to be notable. They know about Crane in Massachusetts, but the country knows but little about him, as yet. Pretty soon he will be pulling many strings. He will never be spectacular, but he will have power, and he will keep quiet about it. Lodge will do the Massachusetts oratory, but, after balances are established and Crane has a year or two more to circulate, it will be Crane who will be the real control.

Not Enough Bait

SENATOR KNOX has a good story of the last fight the late Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, made in the Senate. Quay was working hard on the Statehood bill, obstructing legislation when a scheme was fixed up to get him away from the Senate for a time.

Quay was very fond of tarpon fishing and had a winter place in Florida. One afternoon he received this telegram from a friend who thought the Senator might be in better business than pottering around about new States:

"Fishing never so good. Tarpon biting everywhere. Sport magnificent. Come."

Quay read the telegram and smiled a tiny, little smile. Then he answered it thus:

"Tarpon may be biting, but I am not. M. S. Quay."

"Prove It! Prove It!"

EDWARD STEVENS, the actor, first decided he was born to go on the stage when he was a young man in San Francisco.

He tried for several engagements and got none in the drama. Then he thought he would make a start in vaudeville.

He went around to the leading variety house and was shown into the manager's office. The manager was an old German, very cross and very busy, and with no high opinion of actors.

"Vat you vant?" he asked.

"I want a job," stammered Stevens.

"A job? Vot you do?"

"I am a comedian."

"Oh, a comicker, eh?" He turned fiercely on the shrinking young chap and roared: "Vell, make me laugh!"

The American Way

THE conversation in the smoking-room of the sleeping-car had drifted around to the characteristics of the races.

"I like your people," said a German, who had been listening. "I have been in this country for thirty years, acting as an immigration agent for my people and assisting them to settle here when they come to this country.

"Now take a party of Americans when a new territory is opened or some public land thrown open for settlement. They ride or drive in, get their land, select a place for the village, stake out the streets, and then somebody gets up on a stump, calls a meeting and nominates John Jones for mayor. In ten minutes they have a municipality and everything is going along all right.

"If a party of Germans was in the same place, what would they do? When it came time to organize their village, they would stand around for three hours and then somebody would ask: 'Where is Bismarck?'"

What's the Answer?

WHILE the United States was negotiating with the new French Panama Canal Company for the purchase of the Panama Canal, P. Buneau-Varilla, the French engineer who had been connected with the French company, was in the office of Secretary Taft, of the War Department, explaining his plans for the canal.

"Why, my dear Mr. Secretary," he said, "these plans are perfect. With these plans the canal can be dug in seven years."

"When did you make them?" asked the Secretary.

"Oh, about ten years ago."

"Then," said the Secretary, as he turned to his work, "why didn't you dig the canal?"

If there was an answer, P. Buneau-Varilla did not think of it.

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, is deaf. When he makes a speech he emits a most amazing series of whoops.

¶ President Roosevelt sturdily maintains his prejudice against the automobile. He will not buy one, or take one as a gift, and he will not ride in one.

¶ Freiherr Speck von Sternberg, the German Ambassador, is a great favorite with the President, who calls him "Speckie."

¶ General Greely, who is in charge at San Francisco, has the most multitudinous whiskers in the army. His face is buried in a morass of hair.

¶ The "nearness" of the President's visitors to the Presidential favor has various classifications. It has been discovered that the elect of the elect are those who are admitted to talk with him while he is being shaved.

Baron von Sternberg

The Voice in the Wilderness

Portraits of the Old-Time Preachers

By Rebecca Harding Davis

IF I COULD suddenly bring into the pulpit of a modern church one of the old ministers who cared for our souls sixty years ago, the difference between his methods and those of your clergyman to-day would show you the startling change which has come into our American life.

I counted, on last Sunday, eleven notices given from the pulpit of one church, of charitable and reformatory work to be done by the congregation during the week. There were meetings for the contributors to hospitals, to poor sailors, prisoners, Jews, consumptives and newsboys; and money was required to carry on free baths, a military drill, classes in dancing, mending and cooking, and a grocery shop where food was sold at wholesale prices to the poor. The old minister, probably, would have announced only a couple of prayer meetings and the names of the families which he would visit officially during the week, to catechise the children and to hold spiritual converse with the elders.

The modern bishop, or doctor of divinity, in these humanitarian undertakings has to struggle for his footing like any other man; he hustles and is hustled. But then the black-coated, smooth-shaven, white-cravated figure was regarded with a superstitious reverence as though he wore an invisible halo. "The cloth" was supposed to cover a multitude of virtues. The worst sinner had a sneaking consciousness that part of his errand into the world was to protect women and the clergy. No matter to what sect he might belong, this silent homage was paid to the "man of God."

There were, however, very different types in this ordained class.

The most conspicuous were the debaters, men skilled in logic and theology, who went about disputing publicly with atheists, Unitarians or the disciples of any leader but their own—be he Calvin, Wesley or the Pope. Bishop Purcell, who was at that time prominent among the Catholic priesthood in this country, held more than one public argument with Protestant divines. They brought to the combat much learning and ponderous logic, but the scholarly young Irishman had a nimble wit and a charm of manner as subtle and baffling in its effect as hashish. His antagonists found themselves led from the field in gay and courtly fashion before they had time to swing their great battle-axes. Afterward they would shake their heads gravely, and declare that he "was no logician; but a pleasant fellow, eh?"

The Terrible Owen

THE most belligerent debater of that day was Robert Owen, the founder of Socialism in England. He came to found it here and failed. Like most atheists, he was loud and noisy, and resentful when he did not fill the eye of the public. He published a challenge to the believers of all religions—Christian, Jewish and Pagan—to show cause for the faith that was in them. He denied and flouted them all. Peace in the next world and prosperity in this were to be found only by joining the Brotherhood at New Lanark under his management. Disciples came to him slowly and ministers of the Gospel took no notice of his defiance. After a long time, however, a young preacher, who was starting a sect of his own, accepted his challenge and a debate took place in Cincinnati. It drew immense, excited crowds. The disputants sat upon a platform; they were to make their arguments in turn, each for the space of a half-hour. Owen rose, shook hands with his antagonist and came forward to begin his assault upon the Almighty and all other gods known to man.

The audience drew a long, anxious breath. But, with a cheerful smile, Owen began to explain the laws and affairs of his little colony at New Lanark. He made no allusion whatever to any god. This lasted for a half-hour, when his opponent rose, shook hands, and without the slightest notice of anything that Owen had said, began to explain the creed of his own new sect. At the end of the half-hour Owen again was up and ready, and so the evening crept on to the end in alternate lectures.

Mrs. Trollope, the mother of Thomas and Anthony, [illegible] in the audience, and told the story of the debate in her book as a fair sample of the absurdities of American life.

Bulldogs of the Faith

AS YEARS passed the youngerman gathered around him a numerous sect; but Owen's following forsook him. In his old age he became a Spiritualist, and at last fell into the clutches of a famous medium in Philadelphia who professed to bring the dead to life. When she was exposed publicly the shame overcame the old man, who was at heart a feeble, gentle creature, and he crept out of sight to die.

Next to the popular debaters among ministers, the Revivalists were the most conspicuous in the old days. They held protracted meetings in the churches or the fields in which wild outbursts of despair, remorse and ecstasy succeeded each other. Just such spasms of religious fervor have occurred in this country and in Wales during the last year or two, and have been regarded with perplexity and almost dismay by busy, money-making folk. But they were every-day, normal happenings in my youth. Indeed, several sects believed that, if each individual did not go through such a psychical convulsion, he was and always would be a child of the devil. A scene which I happened to witness when I was a young girl was a fair sample of these religious paroxysms.

A field, belted by dark woods, was lighted at night by heaps of flaming pine knots, and crowded by kneeling penitents who were giving vent to their terror and triumph in wild cries and shrieks. A famous revivalist tramped up and down among them in a frenzy, shouting:

"Come down, all you idle saints up there among the bushes! Help me to save these poor sinners! Come down, Brother Holbrook! I see you! Here is the devil at work! Come and drive him howling down to hell. You can do it! You are one of God's own bulldogs!"

He did not mean to be profane. The man trembled; the sweat stood on his pale face with the fury of his zeal. I want to point out to you that God and the devil and the lost soul of his brother were real to him as they are not to many of us to-day. These dread realities, in fact, then underlay all of the every-day thoughts of men; they were always present, vital.

In every sect, too, there were men in whose souls burned, like a devouring flame, the hope of bringing the whole world to Christ. Each had his plan to put an end to the vice and misery here, and gladly sacrificed to it his own comfort and hopes and life. Many of these plans were visionary and worthless enough. But the purpose was sane and uplifting. After all, one madman like that is of more value to the community as leaven than a dozen successful traders who show us how to heap up millions.

One of these dreamers whom I remember was a fragile old man who was convinced that the training of boys into Episcopal ministers was the quickest cure for all the vice and corruption in the country. He gave his life to begging through this country and England for funds to build his school. For years he journeyed, often in want, telling his story to workingmen, duchesses, shopkeepers and princes, until he actually gained enough money to build his "Court of God."

Another enthusiast, John B. Gough, thought that the temperance pledge was the one ladder on which humanity could climb out of hell; and, indeed, in that drunken, reeling age he had good reason for such belief. He was a lean, black-visaged man, with scanty education, but great personal magnetism and a fiery eloquence. As he journeyed from town to town he had a following of tens of thousands of disciples who signed the pledge. Many kept it.

A leader of a very different type was Bishop Richard Meade, the father of Episcopacy in this country. He was meagre and hawk-nosed, with the keen, challenging, gray eyes of a judge. He succeeded to a long line of good-humored, hunting, tippling parsons in Virginia. He, apparently, was equipped at birth with all of the Stoic virtues. So much of his pitiful salary went to the poor that his house was bare of carpets or fires, and had in it only cheap pine furniture and scanty food. The lavish, pleasant vices of his parishioners found no tolerance from him. I was a very young child when I was one of his flock, but I can remember the alarmed moral cleaning-up that always turned the church topsyturvy before the Bishop's yearly visitation.

A Heaven for the F. F. V.'s

NEXT to the Christian religion the Bishop put faith in good blood, as any one may see to-day who will turn over the pages of his "History of the Old Virginia Families." I suppose that he hoped that worthy Christians from other States would somehow get into Heaven on the Judgment Day. But he evidently had no doubt that the place was the natural heritage of the Lees and Marshalls. His patient tolerance of the bourgeois virtues of newcomers into the country was, I have been told, a fine thing to witness.

One vulgar, rich woman once brought her son, a dull, ill-mannered cub, to him.

"Well, Bishop, I've made up my mind to put Stanley into the pulpit," she said. "He's too lazy to study medicine, and he has not wit enough to get on in the law. So I've decided to give him to the church."

The good bishop's eye flashed.

"Stock a shop with soap and sugar and candles and put him into it," he said. "The temple of the Lord was built of pure gold and silver and olive wood—not stubble."

The education of the nation in that day fell almost wholly into the hands of ministers who had no parishes. They were of every grade, from learned scholars down to the horde of unable folk who had little Latin and less Greek, and whose Hebrew, with that of most ministers, stopped short at the third verse of the book of Genesis.

One of this latter class—Uncle Ben: everybody's Uncle Ben—taught the primer school in our village. He was a

friendly old man with certain knowledges and longings stretching far outside of books. Of books, to tell the truth, his knowledge was limited. When the morning happened to be bright and damp and full of woody smells he would throw open the door.

"Children, let's take a vote," he would say, "whether we'll have lessons to-day or go a-fishing."

The short-sighted parents, when they found this out, discharged Uncle Ben. But not until he and the woods and the fish had taught us bigger lessons than any to be found in Murray's grammar or the arithmetic.

Another minister without a parish, belonging to our neighborhood, played unintentionally a strange part in the world's history. He was a young man named Solomon Spalding, who, being menaced with consumption, was obliged to give up preaching and become the guest of the kindly farmers living among the hills in Western Pennsylvania. My grandfather, who seems to have been a hospitable soul, and who had a large farmhouse, brought home the young man and his wife during the winter of 1813. Spalding, in the hope of making some money, wrote a romance, and, as his knowledge of literature was almost confined to the Bible and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, he naturally borrowed largely from both books in his story. It was the history of a certain Hebrew named Lehi who, with his family, left Judea and came to this country in the fifth century, becoming the founder of all of the Indian tribes. My mother, who was a child at the time of Spalding's visit to the homestead, remembered how the pale young man would read his story in the winter evenings to the family who were gathered around the fire. After Spalding left my grandfather's house he gave the manuscript to another unplaced Baptist minister named Sidney Rigdon to sell for him to the publishers in Philadelphia. Soon afterward he died. Rigdon, in Western New York, fell in with a shrewd fellow who was living by his wits, named Joseph Smith, and out of this coalition came the Mormon Bible, "brought by angels and written on golden plates," which nobody ever saw. The great tragedy of the history of the Church in Utah followed—a tragedy which has not yet come to an end.

But these scattered, eccentric clergymen of whom I have told you are not fair examples of the great body of the Christian ministry of that early day. The priest then, be he Catholic, Methodist or Calvinist, was forced to be, to a degree, the father and guide of his flock.

Father Morris, the old Episcopal clergyman who for fifty years in our village christened and married us, was the typical religious guide of his time. He had no great store of learning and no skill in logic or argument. His sermons were brief, and written carefully in a series of neat, brown-backed copybooks. When he had read them all to us he began and read them over again. Were not the doctrines of the Church plainly laid down in them, backed by the words of Paul and John and the Great Teacher Himself? What more was needed? The little man felt that if even that spiritual monster Tom Paine was to appear in the chancel he would be routed by this tremendous array of sacred quotations.

He was a timid, gentle old man, poorly dressed, but somewhat finical as to his hands and white cravat. He was a Marylander by birth, and in common with many Southern men of that day had been educated at Oxford. The congregation laughed at his English intonations and his outspoken reverence for the Queen, but they did it secretly. There were other things which they remembered, when the little man passed them tiptoeing over the mud on the street, at which they did not laugh

There were Phil Goss and his cousin Reub, two big drunken brutes whom Father Morris once had undertaken to make into men again. He never had argued with them or preached to them. But he had kept them beside him for months, brought them out of the grog-shop at night, taken them home, given them his own bed, eaten with them.

"Better mess with hogs," the men of the village said, nauseated. "The minister is a sentimental fool."

They would give him no help. But he won the fight. The poor sots became sober and sane men. Even their mothers were content, sure that they were safe.

There was the time of our one great hanging for murder, too. The boy prisoner, Boone, was on his way to the gallows in a cart, and Father Morris sat beside him in his white surplice when the Boones came down in a body from the hills and charged for a rescue. The mob raced through the street, the bullets rattled around the cart, even the prisoner yelled with terror. But the little parson did not once turn his head.

"They cannot rescue you," he said, his arm around the murderer. "You have only a few minutes to live. Think of Christ, my son—of Christ—Christ!" Nor did he cease to urge that holy Name upon the boy until he was cold in death.

The people remembered these things. They used to tell, too, of the great year of the cholera when it swept over the country and, coming to our town, struck down one dead in every home. The villagers fled, leaving their houses standing open. A great pit was dug in the street, and the dead were thrown into it, covered with quicklime. Huge fires of coal-tar were kindled at every corner, lighting up all the horror and misery. No doctors or nurses were left. But the little parson went up and down day and night through that hot summer, nursing the sick, burying the dead, quietly, as if his Lord were beside him.

These were the ways in which the minister of that day preached to his flock. They were uncertain adventurers here, trying life under new conditions. He brought to them the religion of Jesus as the foundation of that life, and it is due to the sincerity and fervor of those old "men of God" that that religion has been and is to-day the sole basis of our American civilization. Of course, we hear much nowadays of Theosophy and other strange faiths and no-faiths. But the fact remains that their disciples have never yet practiced a single virtue in public or private which they did not borrow from the teachings of Jesus Christ. It is hardly worth while to go back, as we have been doing just now, to gather up these trifling relics of the old times, unless we measure our way by them and find out whether we have gone forward or back.

ODDITIES & NOVELTIES
OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

PLANTING THE GIPSY MOTH—CRIMINALS HAVE SPREAD A PLAGUE WHICH NOW THREATENS THE ENTIRE EAST.

THE fight against the gipsy moth in Massachusetts, where its depredations have excited such alarm, has almost reached the point of hopelessness. From this time on the abominable insect will probably spread pretty steadily, and eventually it is likely to extend its range over all of the eastern part of the United States.

Originally, when measures for its destruction were first taken, the area which it occupied was so small and so definitely outlined that confidence was felt in its ultimate extermination. Toward this end Massachusetts has spent several hundred thousand dollars, and doubtless it would have been achieved but for the criminal dishonesty and treachery of some of the persons hired for the work. In order that their employment might continue, certain individuals have not hesitated actually to create new centres of infection by planting clusters of the eggs in places at a distance from the infested district.

Thus, not long ago a fresh "nucleus" of infection was discovered in Rhode Island, and the mischief was traced to a man employed by the State of Massachusetts to burn gipsy moth egg-clusters. It is doubtful whether the law can punish an offense of this kind, and the amount of damage that might result from a few such artificial plantings may be judged from the fact that the whole gipsy moth plague, from its beginning, is attributable to the accidental loss of a few eggs of the insect by a naturalist.

The gipsy moth is no joke. If unchecked it will literally destroy all plant life within an infested area. Not even the locust of classical literature, nowadays known as the grasshopper, is so destructive and voracious. Should the insect establish itself over extensive regions, many millions of dollars would have to be spent every year in order to restrict its depredations. Being omnivorous, it is able to subsist almost anywhere, and the progeny of a single pair, if all survived, would in eight years suffice to devour every bit of vegetation in the United States—so astonishing is the pest's fecundity.

TRYING IT ON THE PIG—HOW THE GOVERNMENT HOPES TO LEARN ABOUT PHOSPHORUS AND THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

THE Government Bureau of Chemistry is about to begin some rather novel experiments in the feeding of rabbits and guinea-pigs with phosphorus, in order to find out exactly what rôle is played by that substance in the animal organism. This is as yet an unsettled question, and is regarded by physiologists as of great importance.

It is considered doubtful whether mineral phosphates are assimilated by animals. If not, then physicians make a mistake in prescribing them, and ought by preference to give the substance in an organic form—as, for example, in the shape of "lecithin," which is the most important organic compound of phosphorus.

Some of the rabbits and guinea-pigs will be fed with mineral phosphorus, and others with lecithin, in order to see if different results are produced, particularly in the building of the bones. Bones are the principal depository of phosphorus in the body of a human being, going to make phosphate of lime. The skeleton of a man contains about twenty-four ounces of phosphorus.

The muscular tissues of the body also contain this element, and there is even a small quantity of it in the brain—a fact which caused a famous scientist, many years ago, to say in joke that without phosphorus there could be no thought. From this jest, oddly enough, arose the popular notion that a diet containing phosphorus is specially valuable for thinkers.

TRAVELING SEEDS—THEY FIND AERIAL NAVIGATION QUITE AS EASY AS MARINE.

IT WAS an English astronomer, W. R. Davis, who first discovered the true character of certain objects, floating across the field of the telescope, which had been mistaken for meteorites. He made a readjustment of the focus of his instrument for the near point, and found that they were in reality seeds of various plants—such, for example, as the thistle and the dandelion.

Undoubtedly such seeds often attain a great elevation in the atmosphere, and are carried by the winds enormous distances—which is exactly what Nature, anxious for their distribution, wishes. For this and no other purpose the seed of the dandelion is provided with a tiny parachute, by the aid of which it makes extended aërial voyages, as does that of the milkweed

It is really wonderful what ingenuity Nature exhibits in such matters. The poppy has a sort of pepper-dredger, containing its seeds, which are thrown broadcast when the wind rattles the dry stalk, or when some animal knocks against it. The so-called "shooting cucumber" explodes when ripe, like a bomb, and scatters its seeds far and wide. Birds, of course, are great distributors of seeds, and so likewise are water-currents. But in this line, perhaps, there is nothing more curious than the "sea-beans" which people pick up on the Florida beaches. Popular belief assigns to them a marine origin, but in reality they are the seeds of certain pod-bearing vines which grow plentifully along the shores of the Caribbean. They fall into streams, are carried into the ocean, and the Gulf Stream fetches them into Atlantic waters.

It has been ascertained that many kinds of seeds will bear immersion in water for four months, or even more, and still retain their germinating power, so that when thrown ashore they are ready to sprout.

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The Last Call!

BEGINNING June first the present club subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is withdrawn, and a regular subscription price fixed of $1.50 the year, with no discount for clubs or for long subscriptions. But until midnight of May 31st we will be glad to accept subscriptions at the old rate, namely, $1.25 the year, and you may subscribe for more than one year if you wish:

$1.25 for One Year $2.50 for Two Years
$3.75 for Three Years, or

FIVE DOLLARS will pay for a Four Years' Subscription

This is the extreme time limit for advance subscriptions; we cannot accept a subscription for longer than four years under this offer.

Presumably you are a regular reader of our publication—with an appreciation of its value, which makes any claim for quality superfluous and almost disloyal to your confidence and support. But perhaps you do not realize at what a small cost you are getting all this quality (and quantity). Consider then, for a moment, the relation of the *price* to the *value* of our magazine.

How much does your dollar and a quarter bring to you? In the course of a year

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Brings out several continued stories, any *one* of which, if bought in book form, would cost our whole subscription price. And you get them *before* they are published in book form. In this way our readers have had the first presentation of "The Pit" by Frank Norris, "The Call of the Wild" by Jack London, "Lady Baltimore" by Owen Wister, "The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son" by George Horace Lorimer—our editor.

And we may add that the best novel Robert Chambers ever wrote starts in this present issue. Don't fail to read "The Fighting Chance" from the first word to the last.

We won't attempt to put a money value on our short stories by brilliant writers—or the enlightening essays—or the literary and dramatic chat;—but *you know how invaluable they are to you if you have ever missed a week.*

But we will say in regard to our covers, that if your art dealer charged you five cents for some of them—you would think he was "letting you off easy."

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¶ Any subscription in an envelope postmarked before midnight of May 31st will be accepted under this offer. No subscription mailed later than this can be accepted at less than the new rate—$1.50 the year. Send NOW at the rate of $1.25 the year. FIVE DOLLARS PAYS FOR FOUR YEARS.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SHOP TALK

When the Mortgage Falls Due

I HAVE made this scheme pay several times. I would search mortgage records and prepare a careful list, usually of mortgages of more than $5000 covering choice residence or business property. This list would show mortgagor, mortgagee, description of property and rate of interest, and would be arranged according to the date on which the mortgage fell due. I had little trouble selling such lists, especially to new money-brokers. They would use the list regularly.

From thirty days to two months before the loan would fall due the agent with my list would drop a letter to the mortgagor mentioning that the mortgage was about to become due and soliciting the loan in case a renewal was desired, or suggesting a loan at a lower rate of interest.

A well-known broker used my first list in Seattle, Washington, and placed immense loans for his company. Such a list gives the money-broker advance knowledge of probable demands and permits him to make a private inspection of the property before he writes. The plan can be worked in any place where mortgage loans are sought through the recorder of deeds' records, by any one at all familiar with land records. —*J. H. B.*

An Error Corrected

IN THE reception-room of one of the large newspapers on Park Row, New York, hangs this sign:

> Employees *must* take any one wishing a correction made in the paper direct to the managing editor. Any employee failing to observe this rule will be instantly dismissed.

A young man entered this room one morning not long ago and handed his card to the boy in attendance.

"Take that to the city editor, please," he requested. As he waited for a reply he studied the sign. In a few minutes the boy returned.

"Mr. —— is very busy," he said. "He wishes you to state your business."

The visitor thought for a moment and then replied:

"Take my card to the managing editor: I have a correction to make."

The boy hurried out and shortly returned, beckoning to the caller to follow him. The managing editor was polite, but brusque. Glancing up he said:

"Well, sir, I understand there has been an error made which you wish to correct."

"Yes, sir, I sent my card to the city editor."

"Well?"

"He did not see me."

"Well?"

"That is the error I wish corrected: I want to be a reporter and I want to work for this paper."

The editor whirled around in his chair and looked the young man over from head to toe.

"Come in and see me Monday morning," he said.

The young man got the job. —*K. T.*

The "Setters"

IF THERE is one thing more than another that annoys a merchant and his clerks it is that patience-trying element known in a country store as "setters." The store in which I clerked was a particular haven for several old-time "setters" of the worst type.

They very rarely made a purchase that amounted to more than five cents, but invariably put in appearance after getting their evening mail. Then they would gather around our big stove and argue and swap stories until closing-time, which was never before nine o'clock. In a village such as ours a merchant dislikes to antagonize even such customers as these, but at last they became so irksome that we clerks decided on a plan that would rid us of them without arousing their ill will.

We chose a dull night to begin the process. Promptly as the first "setter" showed up I hastened forward with the customary greeting of solicitation. Somewhat taken aback by my eagerness, he reluctantly purchased a little tobacco. After wrapping up the parcel I suggested that he look over some newly-arrived shoes. Wonderingly he followed to the shoe-counter, where I spread out some samples. One by one I picked them up and, with elaborate detail, waxed eloquent over the relative merits of each, until, at the end of an hour, he dazedly made his way to the door, together with his three comrades whom the boss and my fellow-clerks had talked almost into collapse.

Before the next night they "got wise," to use a slang phrase, and we were bothered no more. —*V. Z.*

The Dead Man's Shoes

WHEN I was eighteen I was living at home, so had no board to pay. But I was responsible for clothes and schoolbooks. I was at a loss to know what to do It is seldom an easy matter for a boy to secure work in a country town, especially when he has only evenings and Saturdays at his disposal. I tried several storekeepers, but a boy was not wanted unless he could give his whole time.

One day I overheard a remark made by a loafer in the town's largest store. He had just finished reading the morning paper from the city near by.

"Wonder why this paper don't have no more news from this town?" he said. "There hasn't been a line from here for two years. Sanders sent the last, and he's been dead two years."

At the moment this made little impression on me. But the next week there was an excursion to the city, and I went along When I saw the office of the Beacon the thought came to me that I might try for the place of correspondent from my town. The clerk at the office laughed when I asked him, and referred me to the managing editor. The office-boy in the great man's anteroom tried to discourage me, but at last he let me in. Then I trembled—for I had heard the editor was a great fire-eater. At any rate, he looked fierce enough to eat me as he bellowed:

"Well, boy, what do you want here?"

"I live at B——," I said, "and I would like you to appoint me correspondent there."

He stared. Then he laughed. "No use, my boy. Field's covered. Got a man there—have every place. That's how the Beacon gets all the news. We're never behind the times." Then he turned to his work.

"But you can't have any one there," I persisted. "There's been nothing in the Beacon from B—— for two years, and we've had murders, and suicides, and lots of things."

The editor looked annoyed. "I tell you we have a man, and we don't want to make a change."

I made one more effort. "What's his name, please?"

Again the editor stared. "We're not in the habit of telling the names of our correspondents."

"But if he's the man I think, you haven't any correspondent at all," I persisted.

"What's that?" was the surprised exclamation. "What do you mean?"

"Well, if it's Mr. Sanders, he's been dead two years."

The editor called for a book, turned the pages, frowned, and burst out laughing. Then he called a clerk.

"Billy, make out a commission for this young man as the Beacon's correspondent at B——. Yes, let him cover his county." Then he turned to me.

"Glad to have met you, Mr. R——," he said, as he gave me his hand. "I think you'll do some good work."

Clothes and book bills didn't worry me after that. —*R.*

Editor's Note—The Saturday Evening Post wants to buy your ideas for Shop Talk—ideas that will make two dollars grow where one dollar grew before. It may be an anecdote of how you got your first job, or the bad break that made you lose it, or a time or labor saving device that you have invented—to read the department is the surest way to sense its quality. Send in your ideas, and what we accept we will pay well for. Compress your story into the fewest words possible—not over five hundred words at the outside—and address your manuscript to the Department Editor, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia.

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The Punishment of Robert

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

ROBERT GALLAHUE TODD had been a bad little boy. Not just once, but repeatedly. And his father wondered how to punish him in a way that would convey the deepest and most lasting impression as to the wickedness of small boys who disobeyed their parents.

Spanking was of no effect, practically. Switching was little better than spanking. Depriving the boy of his dessert might have been worthy of practice, were it not that his mother was soft-hearted and would smuggle the pie or the ice cream to him later, and he knew it. All of this went through the mind of Mr. Todd while he sat and stared at Robert Gallahue, who had torn the pretty picture from the book he had been forbidden to touch. There must be punishment for this, but it must be punishment that should not only correct but educate.

"I must humiliate him; I must impress him that those who do wrong must suffer in the spirit as well as in the flesh, and that they also cause others to suffer," thought Mr. Todd. He meditated deeply for some moments, while Robert Gallahue stood patiently awaiting the decree.

"They also cause others to suffer!" It flashed through Mr. Todd's brain once more. Here was the light. Pains and penalties upon the child were as nothing, but his was a truly sympathetic nature, and if he saw that his wrongdoings brought unhappiness to those he loved, the effect would of necessity be lasting.

"Robert," said Mr. Todd, in judicial tones.

"Yes, papa," answered the culprit, nerving himself for the spanking.

"Robert, you have been a very naughty boy."

Robert adopted a policy of silence

"Are you sorry for tearing the picture from papa's book?"

More silence. It was not in the province of the mental operations of Robert Gallahue Todd to know why there should be such great concern over such a simple thing as tearing a leaf from a book.

"Are you sorry? Will you ever do it again?"

The prisoner at the bar clung to his silence. The judge fixed him with grave eyes, and said:

"Papa will have to teach you a lesson. When Robert does wrong it makes papa feel bad; it makes mamma feel bad; it makes everybody except Robert feel bad. How would Robert like to stand in the corner with his face to the wall until he knows that he is sorry?"

"Wouldn't like it," Robert answered, with the calm candor of youth.

"Then papa will stand in the corner until Robert's conscience tells him what a wicked boy he is."

Mr. Todd stepped to the corner of the room. Robert Gallahue Todd watched him with round eyes and dropping lower lip. Mr. Todd took his position with his face to the corner, his head bowed and his hands loosely clasped behind him. Although he could no longer see the face of his little son, he could almost feel the gaping wonder with which he was being watched. He waited for some expression, but the boy was as silent as he.

"Are you sorry, Robert?" he asked.

Silence.

"See how you have compelled papa to stand in the corner. Papa is always hurt more than Robert when Robert has to be punished. Papa now has to be punished because his little boy has done wrong."

Papa's little boy continued to study papa's back. An afternoon sunbeam stole in over the top of the window-shade and painted a flattened halo across the top of papa's head, but even this symbol of martyrdom was lost upon the errant child. This was something new and novel. It was almost amazing, and Robert's childish mind could not wholly grasp the idea.

"Are you sorry, Robert?" Mr. Todd asked, shifting his weight to the right foot.

Robert did not reply.

"Papa must stand here until you are sorry."

Robert looked cautiously about the room. Back of him was an open door leading to the dining-room, thence to the kitchen, and thence to the yard. Tiptoeing softly, Robert made his way out into the fair sunshine. There he saw the Perkins boys and the Wright children playing in the sandpile in the Perkins yard, and he slipped through the back gate and across the alley.

Mr. Todd, in the corner, did not hear his son leave. In his mind's eye he could see his little lad standing back of him, with eyes in which by this time was breaking the light of realization, with lips which were almost aquiver with grief. This was as it should be. The true motive of punishment, whether of man or child, should be to awaken the dormant knowledge of good and evil which is enshrined in every human breast. Brute force could not do this; scoldings and whippings merely drove the little soul farther back into the ego; the true realization of the elements of justice could be reached only by an appeal to the heart. Now, this experiment would doubtless have a lifelong effect upon Robert: he was seeing with his own eyes how his lapses from right conduct could react upon those who loved him and who cherished him and who held him dearer than all the rest of the world.

"Robert, are you sorry?"

Mr. Todd shifted his weight over to his left foot as he asked this question. The same empty silence answered him. Never mind! The moral effect was being produced. It were better that repentance should not come too quickly. Mr. Todd leaned his forehead against the wall and sighed as though in great anguish. Mentally he chided himself for working even this little deceit, for attempting to make his boy believe his heart was throbbing with grief. Yet, was not the whole thing a matter of deceit? He had told Robert that papa was compelled to stand in the corner, when he was not.

"Are you sorry, Robert?"

Again that almost palpitant stillness. Mr. Todd had never before noticed the pattern of the wall-paper in his library. Certainly he knew what it looked like, but until this moment he had never observed the profusion of little dots and the arabesque of entangled vines which roamed aimlessly through the background. And the wall-paper had that pasty, gummy smell, too! He settled his weight on both feet and raised his head, for his neck was paining him.

"Is my little boy sorry?"

His little boy did not reply.

Here was a degree of obstinacy he had not counted upon. For half a cent he would turn around and administer the spanking of tradition, but to destroy a child's ideal of the steadfastness of its parent might be the hidden foundation of a misspent life. The afternoon sunbeam was creeping in at the side of the window-shade now and was stabbing Mr. Todd in the neck. He felt beads of perspiration trickling down inside of his collar, which was wilting. Ah, well! What was a little discomfort to-day compared to the knowledge later that he had made upon the plastic mind of his child an impression that time could never efface? A little while longer and then he should hear the penitent words that would hold so much prophetic intonation.

Down the stairs and through the hall came footsteps. They were timed by swishing skirts, and Mr. Todd knew it was his wife. She came into the library. He heard her gasp:

"William Henry Todd! What in the name of goodness are you doing in that corner?"

Mr. Todd unclasped his perspiring hands and waved one of them meaningly. Instead of understanding his signal for silence, she asked again:

"What do you mean? How you frightened me!"

Mr. Todd wiggled the fingers of both hands in a desperate effort to convey to her the impression that this was a solemn moment. He tried to point a finger toward the spot where his fancy fondly pictured the form of his penitent son.

"William, are you crazy?"

More wigwagging of the hands and fingers.

"Of all things! Turn around here and tell me what is the matter!"

Mr. Todd hunched his shoulders and let them fall. He wigwagged for more silence. How like a woman this was! She could not understand, by seeing the child standing there, and his father in this attitude of contrition, that one of the prescribed forms of intellectual punishment was being put into force.

"Mr. Todd," in calm, satirical tones, "if you will kindly turn around and tell me what special form of foolishness this is, I shall be obliged."

Mr. Todd whirled about and ejaculated in a whisper:

"There! You've spoiled it all!"

He was looking into his wife's wondering eyes, and did not observe that they were alone in the room.

"Spoiled what?"

"Sh-h-h! I will tell you later."

"Are you crazy?"

"No! I might—Why, where is Robert?"

"He has been in the Perkins' back yard, playing, for the last half-hour or so."

Mr. Todd slumped into a chair and explained, wherent Mrs. Todd buried her face in her hands and threatened to go into hysterics.

In the midst of her choking laughter and her husband's choking wrath, they heard the patter of small feet in the kitchen.

"Jum-jump into the corner again, so he'll think you haven't moved," she urged.

"Not on your life!" growled the psychologically punishing parent.

And here came Robert Gallahue Todd, having in his train the Perkins boys and the Wright children. He paused in the doorway and marshaled his army on either side of him.

"Papa——," he began.

"Yes?" asked Mr. Todd, with a quick glowing of heart that told him the boy was about to voice his repentance.

"Papa, these boys say I can't make you stand in the corner. *Can't* I, papa?"

The Smoke Machine

THE invention of a machine for smoking cigars seems rather superfluous, inasmuch as there are always plenty of people who are willing to furnish that kind of labor free of cost, if supplied with the requisite tobacco. Yet it has been found worth while by the Government Bureau charged with investigations relating to the "herb nicotian" to devise an apparatus for the purpose, which might be called a multiple mechanical pipe, inasmuch as it is provided with a number of mouths, an intermittent siphon serving in lieu of lungs to do the puffing.

The contrivance is a sort of bottle, of considerable size and partly filled with water, the opening at its top being stoppered with an arrangement consisting of several glass mouthpieces, in each of which is placed a cigar, duly bitten off at the end. When the cigars are lighted and the siphon is turned on, the machine proceeds to smoke the "weeds," taking breaths at regular intervals just like a man. But, being only a machine, it exercises always exactly the same amount of suction, and thus a purely mathematical record is obtained of the rate at which the cigars are burned.

This, indeed, is exactly what the Government scientists wish to find out. The burning quality of a tobacco is one of its most important points, some brands being very defective in this particular. By the aid of the machine, each kind of cigar is made to record its own burning rate, and a separate apparatus of similar construction determines the speed of combustion of wrappers alone, without fillers.

Another point deemed of much importance in tobacco leaf is its strength—in order that cigars made of it shall not easily tear and crumble. Accordingly, a machine has been constructed for testing the resistance of the leaves to tensile pulls, which is of such delicacy that it is capable of measuring with exactness the resistance offered by a spider's web.

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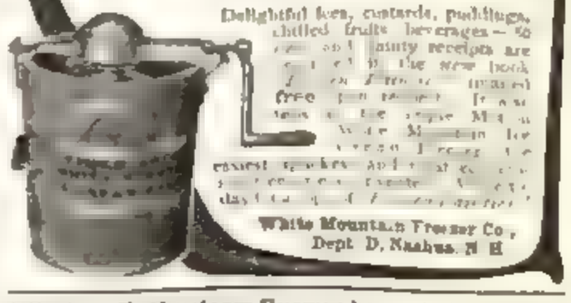

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The Peasant President

Fallieres, of France, an Apostle of the Simple Life

BY F. ASHFORD WHITE

THE two gospels of the Strenuous Life and the Simple Life have lately been preached with equal eloquence on both sides of the Atlantic. It is as the apostle of the former doctrine, and the official representative of the nation on which it must prevail, that President Roosevelt is familiar to the average European. The new head of the French Republic is possibly destined to gain a similar notoriety in America as a thorough and illustrious exponent of the simple life of the peasants who form fifty per cent. of France's population.

Heredity—or, at any rate, its consequence, youthful surroundings—tells for much in forming character. President Fallieres' great-grandfather and grandfather were village blacksmiths, working "week in, week out"—the cottage is still shown at Villeneuve-de-Mézin. The grandfather made money, and moved to the neighboring town of Mézin to purchase more readily his raw materials and to enlarge his business. One may yet see the hinges and other ironwork which he forged for his new house, the house where the present President of the Republic was born. Pierre, the blacksmith's son, received—what was rare in France in those days—a solid education. The forge was closed, and he started life as a surveyor, later dropping into a post as a magistrate's clerk, left vacant by his father-in-law's death.

Wonderful tales are still told of the President's father, a burly, good-natured giant, popular all along the countryside. Those who know Gascony best will smile indulgently at anecdotes of how he would drink from a half-hogshead held aloft in his hands, of his mighty prowess as a trencherman, and of his Rabelaisian fund of local humor. The Gascon character has not altered since the days of D'Artagnan, and their stories of their native land rarely lose in the telling. The fact remains that, among a race who all love a good dinner and a good story, Pierre Fallieres gained a local reputation as the merriest of guests and the best of good fellows; and, curiously enough, as one of the most long-headed of lawyers, whose counsel was sought and followed by every neighbor in legal difficulties.

The Truant Pupil

Brought up in this atmosphere, the character of Armand Fallieres could hardly be misanthropic or severe. He has retained the keenest affection for his Gascon home, and his youthful banishment to a far-off boarding-school was principally caused by that love of outdoor life which manifests itself in playing truant when one is but a day-scholar. His holidays, spent at home in his boyhood, are still passed in the same spot. The house where he was born was pulled down thirty years ago to effect some street improvements; but the house at Loupillon (bought by his blacksmith grandfather as a mere cottage) is still his regular residence whenever he can leave Paris.

In Gascony, a land where men, when they reach $5000 a year, retire on their income, judging it useless to toil further for what they consider mere luxury, M. Fallieres' residence is termed a "château," but, apart from a certain roominess necessitated by the President's hospitality, it might be better described as the most modest of villas. An American workingman could hardly have a plainer dining-room or simpler bedrooms, and would probably strongly object to being seen in the street in the free-and-easy costume this President affects, peasant from his cloth cap to his wooden shoes as he walks about his vineyard.

His vine is the President's hobby, and practically his sole income, outside his state salary and some insignificant real estate. He good-naturedly criticises when newspapers say that his yearly vintage is a thousand barrels. "Five hundred at most," he says; "the rest is the usual Gascon exaggeration"—and it costs eighty dollars to produce a hundred dollars' worth of claret. Still, this vintage is his own creation and his chief occupation. The long sheds where the giant tuns are stored were designed by himself. Malicious local rumor tells how the contractor made the doors to specified size, but built the roof so low that it had to be heightened ere the tuns could be lodged.

The President's life is as simple as his lodging. A cup of coffee, followed by a seven-mile walk in all weathers, two hours' chat or correspondence, the midday meal, long afternoon strolls around the property, dinner, a possible game of billiards, and bed at ten o'clock—such is M. Fallieres' day in Gascony. At Paris his duties at the Senate filled up the afternoon, otherwise the same simple program was carried out. Madame Fallieres is as purely Gascon as her husband, being the granddaughter of a solicitor at Nerac, the centre of this little district.

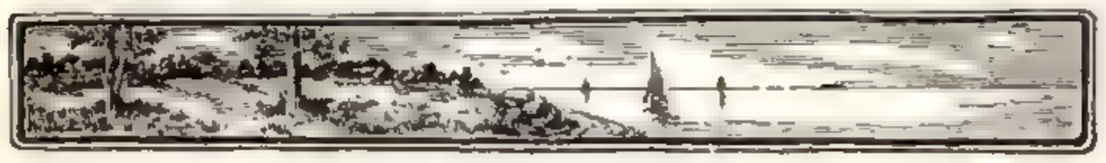
M. Fallieres was practicing there as a barrister at the time of his marriage, and became Mayor of the town in 1871, as soon as the present Republic was proclaimed. Five years later, Nerac returned him to the French Parliament.

Gascony's Best

Presidential elections in France seem singularly quiet to Americans, but few of the people slept much in Nerac, and even in Agen, the capital of the department, on that eventful January night when M. Fallieres was elected. The cheers and gun-firing, flags and bonfires, testified to local popularity. "The best French King (Henry IV)," modestly maintains every Gascon, "came from our country, and now we have given France its best President."

That the simple life of the new President will in any way change matters at the Elysée is improbable. A President is expected to spend every penny of his official salary, and the Fallieres will do it as if to the manner born. Liberality and hospitality are traditional at Loupillon—the Fallieres, their neighbors say, "do not know the value of money." When Madame Fallieres' sister was left a widow with three boys, the President adopted all the lads and brought them up with his own son and daughter, making no difference between the five children. They have always remained members of his Parisian household, and, with secretaries and friends, the "home party" numbers a dozen at mealtimes. The "*cordon bleu*" is a worthy old Gascon cook who serves up the Southern cuisine which is the President's one departure from the "simple life." Will these characteristic menus, the flaky pastry, the garlic and the goosegrease, the Loupillon wine and the duck livers, the terrines of Nerac and the prunes of Agen, figure on the Elysée table? Can the leopard change his spots, or the Gascon cease to be a gourmand?

Yet adaptability to circumstances, the rare quality which allows a man to feel equally at his ease and to act with equal tact and courtesy in the laborer's cottage and in the millionaire's reception-room, is another gift common to every Gascon, and is shared by the new President. The Loupillon vine-grower who chats with his hired man in his own rustic patois, the language from which Longfellow translated The Blind Girl of Castèl Cuillè, possesses the simple dignity which made Benjamin Franklin the idol of the French over a century ago, and which has won President Loubet an enviable reputation in half the Courts of Europe.



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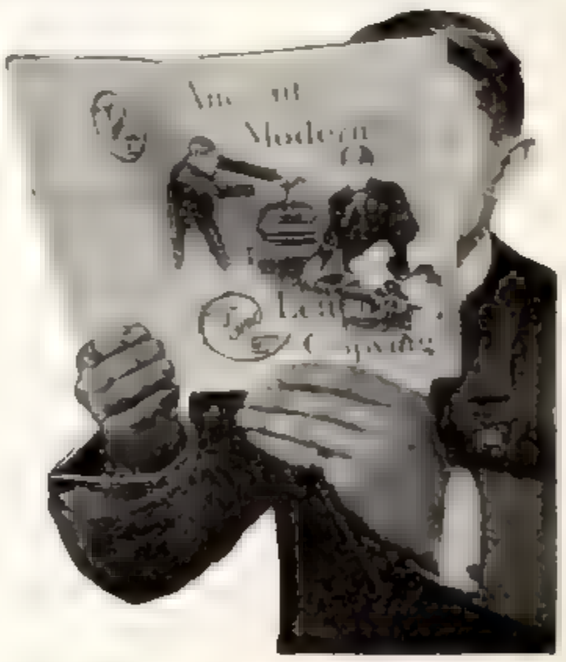

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THE WOMAN IN THE CASE

APPLETOWN, December 26.

Dear Jenny:

I arrived safe here at home Monday night and knowing you would be worried if I am safe or not on account of so many accidents on railroads and persons being often very fatally hurt I am dropping you a few lines as soon as I am able after Christmas which was very busy with me on account of so large a dinner and many boys and girls coming in to see me while I am home which all takes a great deal of your time when you are anxious to write to some dear ones left behind. I would not try to say how lonesome I am for you even with many kind parents and boys and girls very merry and sociable but none of them being you which is the main reason. Did you get a bottle of perfume from the drug store man which was to be sent up the day I left for home on account of me being so modest and not wanting any thanks for it which is only a little present but shows my feelings towards you which is the main thing in giving presents. Coming home on the train I could almost see you unwrapping it and your great surprise and pleasure when you saw the bottle with the large bow of ribbon exclaiming "Oh, how lovely!" But it is not a thousand miles of as lovely as you are which I can write but would be too bashful to say right to your face although I would mean it just the same. I did not have a chance to smell it but I hope it was your kind of perfume although it would be hard to get some as sweet as you ought to have to match you.

We are having lovely weather here which is sunshiny but snow on the ground and splendid skating. I have been two or three times mainly for exercise as I am not skating holding hands with girls any more since I met you. I would have plenty of chances holding hands and you would probably never know but I am too honest with you to ever do such a thing. The girls who go skating are mainly friends of Henry Gregg's and I would not object to them going for fear of hurting Henry's feelings which are very sensitive on account of him having a stepmother which is usually so. Henry is my chum I have often told you about and he would lay down his life for me and has many times lent me his private shooter when we are playing marbles in our young days which is a splendid test. I would not even be afraid to let Henry take you to a party for fear of him trying to cut me out which he would never even think of he is such a good friend and besides he is not very good looking having freckles which he is hopeful will outgrow. But I would not be surprised if Henry would grow up and be a great man on account of him looking as if he did not amount to anything now which is the way it often turns out.

It is being made very pleasant for me here at home with my mother baking all the kinds of pies and cake I am especially fond of which they always like to do when you are away at school and come home for vacation so that they may be grateful when you have to go back again about how much they did for you while you are here. But I do not know if I will be able to stand it to not see you until our school begins again but I guess I will as it is only about ten days now although without my mother so kind to me and such good cooking it would be awful hard to stand the being so far away from you. I suppose it is very quiet in Mapleville now with the Academy closed and most of the boys gone home and you miss seeing them go past your house with many jokes and remarks they hope you hear to show how bright they are but which do not have any effect on you because of you not caring for any of them but me.

I think I am going to get a job working in the bank for my next summer vacation which is a fine business and gives you a chance to be president of the bank some day if you are careful of your work and they always can trust you. A good many boys starting to work in a bank are apt to be careless of their work and do not sweep in the corners which gives you a bad record. A bank is a fine position, giving you a chance to meet nice people and frequently pick up large sums of money which are dropped by rich customers and by being honest and giving back the money to them they are very thankful and invite you to come and see them and are liable to do something very helpful to you. You can tell your mother about me probably getting a job in the bank which would be largely because I met you and am bound to make a fine record so she will be proud to have me come and see you once in a while and take you to a party. I will never forget my dinner which your mother asked me to and even if I am probably never asked to such a dinner again it will always make me happy to look back to it which are very sweet things to recollect at a boarding house.

I hope you are having a fine Christmas but of course me being away may make some difference which I hope you will not let it and try to be just as happy as if I was there but of course you will not.

I will be back January the sixth.

With warm regards for you, dear Jenny,

THOMAS SMALBOY.

P. S.—I am writing this on thin paper so it won't make such a big envelope which might make some comment of the postmaster on you getting so big a letter.

You better keep the cologne on the bureau as it sometimes freezes on the window sill.

With very warm friendship, T. S.

APPLETOWN, January 1.

Dear Jenny:

Something which I have had in a letter from Stubby Myers is giving me a great deal of worry about you going on a straw ride with Emory Wicks while I am here which I hope is not so, but you not answering my last letter I wrote you last week makes me think Stubby is a true friend who is telling me the truth which is very full of regret for me although no anger at you because I know how girls are apt to be when you are away from them very thoughtless and not thinking you will care. It is very bad news for me, though, which I hope you can write and say is not so and Stubby Myers is making it all up or something. Stubby said he only wrote it to me because he is a true friend and not to hurt my feelings or anything but just to let me know how it is while I am home. If it should be true it will be a very sad New Years for me but I will simply have to study all the harder and try to forget about you and probably some day you will know what a mistake you have made which gives you remorse but then it is too late. I would not care if it was any one but Emory Wicks but him being so stuckup and conceited is very hard for me to swallow. I hope it was your mother made you go with him because she and Mrs. Wicks are old friends or something which being the case would make me feel different about it and I would be willing to forgive you for this once but if it was your own accord it would never be the same again for me and you and Emory Wicks wants to look out when I come back if he makes any smart remarks or anything or he will have to back it up.

Oh, Jenny, how could you do it with my bottle of cologne on your bureau reminding you of me which is very hard to bear?

There is a nice girl here who has moved to Appletown since I went away to school which I could be very fond of if I should make up my mind to go with her. Her father is very rich keeping a girl and a hired man and living in a fine house and she is quite a friend of Henry Gregg's who has often told her about me of which she seemed to be much impressed according to Henry. Henry is going to bring her skating the first time we go again. Henry said she is very beautiful and sweet according to his judgment and we would make a fine pair to go skating which would attract much attention in my new suit and her velvet coat trimmed with long tails of fur hanging down in front very stylish and handsome. I am not decided yet if I am going with her which is a great temptation to show the boys around here that she will not go with, any one of them, which Henry wants me to do for his sake being very proud of me for his chum. It is her father's bank I am probably going to work in which would be very strange if she should fall in love with me and we should get married and own the bank after he is dead which would be quite a help. But it will all depend on how I make my mind up when Henry asks me again if I am going skating with her which is liable to be in a couple of days. She is a girl who would not even look at Emory Wicks which would not be good enough for her to wipe her feet on being so particular and only going with boys of her own equal according to Henry.

Did you ever do anything to Stubby Myers which should make him want to get even with you by writing such things because if you did it might be the reason he told me about you going straw riding with Emory Wicks when he might have made it all up? I know how boys are liable to say such things for being even with you and if you ever did anything to Stubby Myers that might be the reason he did. But the being in such suspense is terrible for me until I hear from you and if it should be the worst I would want to know it. I have written to Stubby if he can prove it which would make no difference if he could if you say it is not the truth. I have felt for two or three days as if something terrible was going to happen but I never thought of you going straw-riding with Emory Wicks which is the worst that could be.

I wish you would let me know about it before Thursday when Henry Gregg is coming to find out if I am going skating with her which is liable to depend on if it is true or not. But I am hoping for the best.

Yours as before till I know for sure,

THOMAS SMALBOY.

P. S.—I just saw her going past our window and Henry Gregg was with her. She certainly looks quite handsome and well dressed.

I came almost near licking Emory Wicks once for which I am now sorry I did not.

T. S.

APPLETOWN, January 4.

My Dear Dear Jenny:

Your sweet letter saying you never even dreamed of going strawriding with Emory Wicks and it must be your cousin that was visiting you that went with Emory Wicks and that must have been the one Stubby Myers saw and thought it was you is just received and I just told Henry Gregg I could not go skating with her to his great disappointment but it is no difference to me for what do I care for her anyway? Stubby ought to be more careful what he thinks he sees which is often the cause of a great deal of trouble by not telling things right.

It is a great relief to me to be free from worrying which was terrible for two days and almost kept me from enjoying my meals but it has made me never doubt you again which is a good lesson for me. Stubby Myers better never say anything about you or he will have to back it up. Did your cousin like Emory Wicks? He is not such a bad boy when you know him only at first you are liable to not care so much for him.

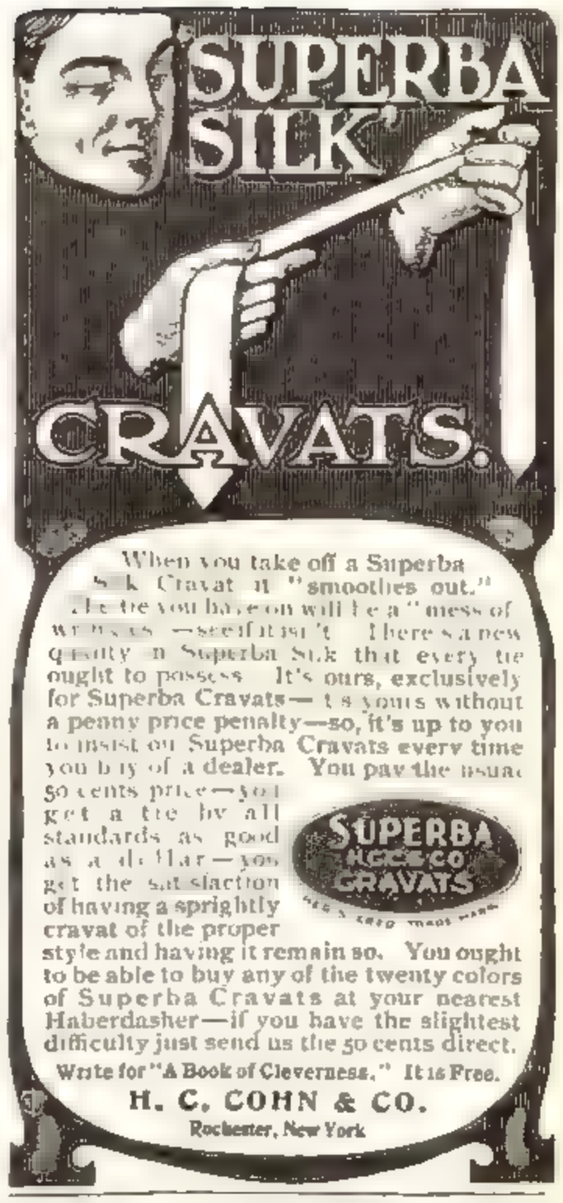
I got the pair of wristlets you sent in your letter which are splendid and I have worn them every day whether I need to or not to keep thinking of you.

I did not know you had a felon on your finger which was the reason you could not write but is better now but I am awful worried about you still a felon being such terrible suffering. Oh, Jenny, be awful careful and do not let anything happen to you till I get back. Did they have to lance it or did it go away without?

I am starting back for Mapleville in a couple of days now and my trunk is being packed leaving room for some fruit cakes and other things at the last minute which my mother is baking for me because of knowing how it is at the boarding house which she sympathizes with me very much on but says I can make up for it next Summer vacation which is something of comfort to look forward to.

Your true friend as before

THOMAS SMALBOY.



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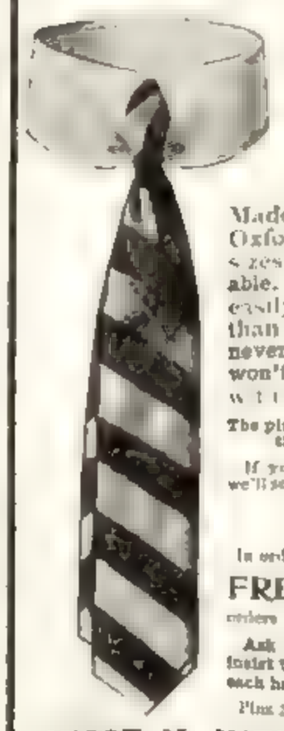

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LITERARY FOLK
Their Ways and Their Work

John S. Wise

Mr. Howells' Latest Picture

An Interfering Wig

"ONE of the most amusing shooting companions I ever had," says Mr. John S. Wise, "was Judge John W. Webster, of Waterbury, Connecticut. He wore a wig and glasses and shot a very heavy charge—so heavy, indeed, that when his gun was discharged it often deranged his glasses and set his wig awry. He was a game old sportsman and a good shot, but sensitive about his wig and blind without his spectacles. So, whenever he made a shot he had to go into drydock for repairs, so to speak.

"Through the lapse of many years, I recall an oft-repeated scene with him. A bird would rise. He would fire. His spectacles and wig fly out of focus. Down would go the butt of his gun to the ground, and, as he stood there readjusting wig and glasses, he would exclaim: *'Did I hit him?'* Many a time he did hit him. And many a time a roar of laughter, which he pretty well understood, greeted his stereotyped pantomime and inquiry."

Barrymored Barrie

THERE is a certain novelist in New York who has always been one of the greatest admirers of Ethel Barrymore's acting and who, by the same token, is a literary disciple of J. M. Barrie. Perhaps this will give you a clew to his identity, yet, be that as it may, the novelist in question was anything but pleased with Alice Sit-by-the-Fire, in which satire from Mr. Barrie's easy pen Miss Barrymore has just won considerable popular success. The play was originally written for Ellen Terry, and our novelist friend insisted that it was unsuited to the younger American actress. The morning after he had witnessed the production, somebody, meeting him at The Players, asked him how he liked it.

"I didn't like it at all," replied the novelist.

"Why, I thought," replied the questioner, "that you were such an admirer of J. M. Barrie."

"I disliked it," said the disgruntled one; "not that I loved Barrie less, but Barrymore."

"Next Stop, Ade!"

FOR a time at least George Ade has discontinued dramatic writing and returned to plain prose for plain people. Although just back from Europe, he is already hard at work on a new book which is shortly to be published.

In the mean time the humorist has had conferred upon him a great geographical honor: a post-office, railroad station and town have been named for him, and future maps of Newton County, Indiana, will show, six miles north of Kentland, the name of Ade. It seems that Mr. Ade has salted down his royalties in farm-land near this place, and that Vice-President Brown, of the New York Central, fixed on the name as soon as he heard the station was to be established.

Without Prejudice

EVERYBODY knows that no American novelist of the first order has done more for young beginners in the art of fiction than William Dean Howells, but it is less widely known that Mr. Howells is just as kindly toward his young critics. To the latter, indeed, he displays the same geniality and tolerance which is one of his chief qualities as a writer. Not long ago, for example, in the course of an otherwise laudatory review, a young book-reviewer—who is really one of the most ardent of Mr. Howells' admirers—took exception to a certain passage in one of the novelist's latest stories. The review was published anonymously, and its author might have gone undiscovered had he not felt in honesty compelled to send his criticism to its subject. He hesitated for some time, but at last pursued the frank course, adding a note in which he confessed that, as a young man, he felt that his single adverse utterance against a master might almost be considered an impertinence. Almost by return mail he received a cordial letter from Mr. Howells thanking him for his praise and concluding: "Nor should any critic be modest. At your age I would not have hesitated to criticise Milton, Dante or the Bible."

The Author of The Vortex

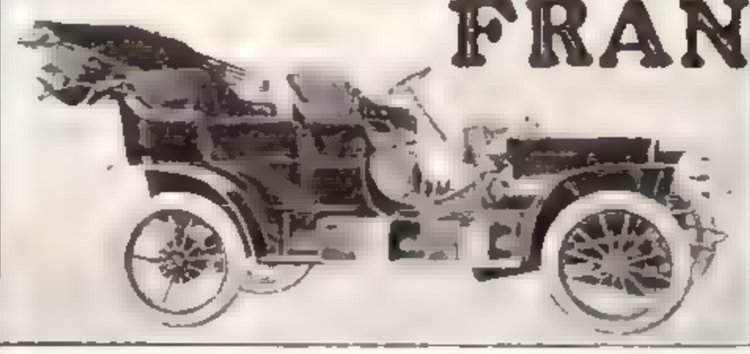
ALTHOUGH The Vortex, recently published, is Thomas McKean's first venture into the field of fiction, it is by no means the work of a man who has never before written at all. Mr. McKean has always had the literary bent, and his verse gained him, a couple of years ago, admission to The Pegasus, a little club composed of Philadelphia verse-writers, among the members of which are two prominent novelists, S. Weir Mitchell and Owen Wister.

In the Bookshop

¶ STEWART EDWARD WHITE is a hard worker—so hard, in fact, that, in midwinter of this year, he broke down and had to take a long rest. He is now, however, reported quite well and at his desk again.

¶ LUCAS CLEEVE, the English author of Lazarus—who, by the way, is now living in America—has just finished her fiftieth book. All of her work has been issued by good English publishers—and the author is only a day or two over forty.

¶ THE newspaper biographers had a hard time in discovering the birthplace of the late Henry Harland when, recently, they came to write their obituaries of him. Who's Who used to credit him to St. Petersburg, and Harland himself would name Norwich, Connecticut, which he called "the rose, not only of New England, but the world." As a matter of fact, however, Brooklyn was his native town—but then, as Harland would explain, "that was by accident and without my authority, knowledge or consent."



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BILLY FORTUNE AND THE ONLY GIRL

(Concluded from Page 19)

hate 'em fat—but she wasn't so slim you could notice it, either; she was just healthy and round enough to bounce good on the floor when she was dancing; and her face was just exactly the kind that went with it—not beautiful, you know, but pink-and-white, and laughing, and good-natured—that kind of a face. You like 'em for variety from the slim, dark ones. Variety! Murder! If that word hadn't been made up, this would be a terrible peaceful world, wouldn't it?

But I got a chance at her, anyway; because Bud had to pull out after a couple waltzes, on account of his wind not being young enough. Maybe his head ached some, too. Anyway, he was setting out. But the girl wasn't through yet, and after a while I got a dance from her. That's how I come to get acquainted with her. And she was a fine girl, too—one of the friendly kind that start off intimate.

There wasn't anything the matter with her wind; she could talk a blue streak just the same when she was dancing as when she wasn't, and she told me her name was Molly McManus and all about herself. She'd come clear up from down at Sunrise, horseback, from the Platte country, where the big iron mines are, just for that dance—fifty miles. Only she had to start back early in the morning, on account of her having a job in the big company store down there; and she let me mark down her name, and she said she'd be awful pleased to have me write to her, and I was to come and see her any time when I was down her way. Me and Bud just kind of divided her up till daylight, and then she let me take her down to put her on her horse. I liked her first-rate, and I saddled up my pony and started to go out with her, as far as where the Willow trail turned off; and then I was going to go plumb home. But I didn't; because we hadn't more than got to the first line-fence, four or five miles, when here come that lovely, dark face, and that head of black hair, and that pair of pretty young shoulders in front of my eyes, like a kind of a fog, and the sound of a soft little French voice. I couldn't feel I'd played even on that deal yet; and besides, the trail would stay there to Sunrise till I wanted to use it. So I just told Molly about me forgetting some important business, and I told her good-by and hiked back for Lusk.

Shucks! I can't tell you all of it. I was Big It as long as I lasted; and anybody will tell you I'm no quitter till it's all gone. She was fine on horseback, and I took her around every place; and I had the hotel lad send clear down in Nebraska for some different things to eat, and all that kind of business. I just couldn't seem to enjoy thinking about anything else, till one day I run against the boss, come back from the stock yards.

"Hello, Billy!" says he. "What you doing in here? Anything the matter at the ranch?"

"Oh, gee whiz!" I says. "I ain't been there. I clean disremembered about it." I started in to explain it to him, but he wouldn't let me get but about so far, and then he wouldn't listen no more. He just paid me off and told me he'd send in my things to me when somebody was coming back up.

I didn't care. I was kind of glad of it, because it give me some extra money right when I was sort of needing it. That was right after I'd invested in the millinery business. What? Sure I did! That was because she invited me to, partly, after we'd got confidential. She'd had some pretty bum luck, she told me, before she'd hit Wyoming, and she wasn't able to do as well now as she would if she only had some more resources. That kind of put it up to me, didn't it, with my rich uncle and my gold mine? Sure it did! So I just rustled a couple hundred, different places, and threw it in with what I had left and let her have it to use. She was awful grateful; and I'm one of them that's always awful pleased with a chance to oblige a lady. Only it didn't leave me much to work on, till the boss paid me off.

And even that didn't last long. There are times when a man just naturally has got to overlook expense; and that certainly was one of 'em. I didn't do a thing but prop my pocket wide open and let my money go free. For a couple weeks or so it fair boiled out.

And then here come a morning when I waked up with the old symptoms, bad. The thing I got to thinking of was a nice head of cheerful red hair, and blue eyes, and pink cheeks. I had wrote her a few times, when I wasn't busy, and she'd wrote me back, real nice and friendly. By after breakfast I knew I'd have it to do, and so I says: "All right, Billy; you go ahead and make your arrangements."

I wanted to take her down something; only when I come to count up I was too broke. I didn't have but a mighty few left by then. And then I commenced to remember about that hat. She'd had a good pasteboard box on when I buried her, and it struck me she ought to be in pretty fair shape yet; so when I'd got my saddle on I went around that way and resurrectioned her. She was all right, too, except the box, and I wrapped her up in paper and took her along.

I had four or five days of a beautiful time. There wasn't a hat near like that one in Sunrise; and when she come to set them big yellow feathers up on top of that red hair, you could notice her a half a mile off. She was real pleased, and I'd have stayed longer, I expect, if I hadn't bumped up against the plumb end of my limit. That's what. All I could see was that I'd just have to go and rustle a job somewheres.

Well, I got it, up in the Rawhide country, looking after the last cutting of alfalfa and messing around, different things, for twenty-five dollars a month, and it kept up till winter was coming on. That was about half-way from Lusk down to Sunrise. But what can a man do with twenty-five dollars a month with a girl that's got liberal ideas? He just can't do it, especially when he ain't there to watch it, only a day once in a while. It didn't take me long to begin to hear that I was sort of wilted with Miss Lily de Luce. And she seemed to like variety, too, because this time it was a sheepman from up above Lost Springs. I didn't like to believe it; but one day when I was in there for the boss I dropped around, and there was a thin scum of frost on her windows for me; and I judged I wouldn't get it thawed off just by blowing my breath on it—it would take something warmer than that. She didn't just throw me out; but she didn't sprinkle no ashes on her steps to keep me from slipping down easy.

I was some sore, because I'd liked her first-rate, and I couldn't think but what I'd treated her as right as I could. But what was the use?

"All right, Billy," I says; "we know where we can get a nice, good, red-headed welcome, don't we? That's what we'll do, too, won't we? We're sick of this thing, ain't we? I'll tell you what let's do: let's go down there and get a job in the mines, and save up, and settle down, and get us a nice little red-headed home, with a nice little red-headed girl in it, and quit all this foolishness. A good, reliable man like you can get a good place, easy; and then it'll be all over. Let's do it!"

Sure we'd do it! So in a couple days, after I could quit the ranch, I threw on my saddle and slid out.

I had a blazer of a time getting there, because a blizzard hit me just beyond the Nigger Baby hills, and in a quarter of an hour a man couldn't see two rods, and the trail buried out of sight, and my pony starting to drift. All I could do was just to go.

I was out two days and two nights, bedding down wherever I could find a draw or a mess of rocks to break the wind and a little sage-brush for a fire; and I froze one of my ears bad, and got so starved I was ready to eat my saddle-leather. But that was all right, too; it would be all over pretty soon, and nothing more to worry about, all my life. That's what I was thinking. All I had to do was to get to her, and trouble couldn't last.

Only it did, though. As soon as ever I struck Sunrise I put for where Miss Molly McManus was. But she wasn't there. She'd gone up to Lusk, a few days ago, to start in and learn the millinery business. Yes, that was the way of it.

Well, I just gritted my teeth and got myself fed up and warmed through, and then I started up back. I'd settled that notion in my mind, and I was going to stay with it, without giving it time to cool off. I was going to get that girl and have her for mine; see?

I guess that's pretty near all. When I got to Lusk, just about the first thing I set my eyes on was one of Snyder's half-growed pups out in the snow in the middle of the road, playing pup monkeyshines with a litter of yellow feathers and ribbons and roses and truck. Anybody could tell what that meant, without waiting to find out. I knew. I'd talked a heap too much to both of 'em; and I hadn't told 'em the same things. It give me a cold spell all up and down my backbone. But I was too wore out to know enough to quit, and so I just piked for the place and went in.

They was both of 'em there, setting close together, behind the counter, doing something. I expect they'd saw me coming, so they'd got it fixed up. I didn't get anything from the red-head but one of those cracked-ice stares. It was the other one that was chairman of this meeting. She didn't say it to me, at first; it was Molly she was talking to.

"How long do you sink it will take ze zhentleman to get wise to himself zat he is peter' out?" she says to Molly.

It made me mad—and I don't often get mad at a lady. "Oh, I'm going!" says I. "Only let me give you a friendly tip: You've worked me to a fare-ye-well, and I'm not hollering; but you'll try it once too often with somebody out here, because Wyoming ain't used to these porch-climbing ladies yet——"

Gee whiz! I was going to tell her some more; but that fetched her up on to her feet with a bounce, with her teeth showing and the fire spurting out of her eyes.

"Porch-climber, is ut?" she yells at me. "You git out o' this, an' take your insultin' face along wid ye, or I'll call some o' me frinds an' have ut bruk fur ye! Git out!"

No, it wasn't Molly that was doing that talking; it was the other one—the de Luce one—the French one. Them Irish are sure a comical lot; they can't hide it down so deep but what if you get 'em riled up some it'll crop out on 'em. And don't it beat all how they stick together?

Anyway, I wasn't the only one. That Bud Farrell, he had five hundred invested; and the sheepman was worse yet. I don't know about Steve Brainard; nobody can tell about him. But even if you leave him out she'd cleared up a good fifteen hundred in three months, besides what she'd made off her hats. And then pretty soon here come along a chap with some papers and foreclosed on the stuff. He said he was a creditor; but after while it got circulated around that she had took that same outfit down to Cheyenne and worked the same deal on 'em down there. I'd suspicioned all the time that there was maybe a Mr. Milliner out around the rim-rocks somewheres; and I've just about got him figured out for it. He's welcome to the job.

The Tall Timber

THE Government Forest Service, at its new station near Bayard, New Mexico, is making experiments in the growing of various trees which, it is hoped, may prove available for planting in the semi-arid regions of the West, such as the Panhandle of Texas and adjacent territory in Arizona and New Mexico.

One of these trees is the native mesquit, which, besides being valuable for firewood and a durable post timber, produces food for man and beast in the shape of beans, that are good either boiled or baked. Another is the native "piñon" pine, which yields good timber and good pine nuts; and yet others are the native hackberry, the native green ash, the native alligator juniper, and the native honey locust.

Trial is to be made, also, of the Osage orange, which makes such beautiful hedges. It was cultivated by the Osage Indians long before Columbus landed, being regarded by them as a sacred plant. Another valuable hedge plant, which is drought-resistant and therefore suitable for dry regions, is the Chinese "arbor vitæ."

Trial is likewise to be made of the "deodar," from India, and of the Canary pine, which comes from the Canary Islands. The latter affords a remarkably durable wood—as may be judged from the fact that in the Canary Islands there are at the present day houses three hundred years old which, built of this wood, are still in excellent condition.

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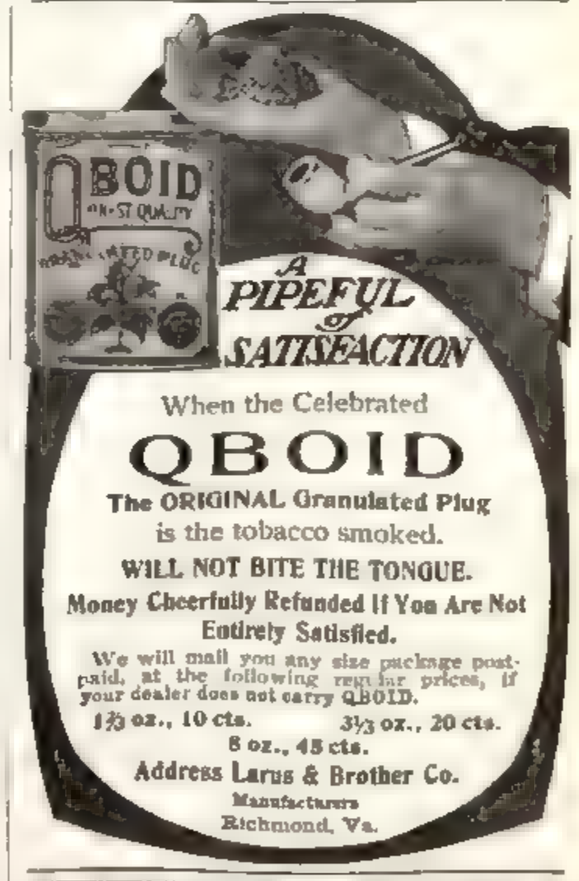

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THE QUEST OF THE COLONIAL

(Concluded from Page 7)

country auction, and at the same time showed what wonderful prizes one may at any moment secure. The house whose furniture was sold out was built before the Revolution, and the roll of its guests included names famous in our history, such as Alexander Hamilton and General Montgomery and John Jay, and one whose entertainment was matter of condolence as well as respect, General Burgoyne. It was peculiarly a house from which no collector could ever have hoped to secure a single article, any more than from a museum. Yet all the belongings were but recently sold at auction!

And chief among the articles of interest, finer even than the set of two hundred pieces of old blue Canton china, was a set of Chippendale chairs, twelve in number, and two of the chairs having arms!

These twelve chairs, beautifully designed and made, were used at the time of General Burgoyne's reception there, an honored prisoner, after his surrender at Saratoga and on his way toward the coast. And there was a curious point about them. Although distinctly Chippendale in design, and in the unmistakable central splat, they show a Dutch influence in that the top line of the back merges into the side lines without a break—giving the effect, that is, as if of a single piece, rounded and bent, instead of one piece at each side and one at the top. Chairs with this peculiarity are usually known as Dutch chairs, but in this case the Chippendale characteristics far outweigh the Dutch and the beauty of design has not been lessened.

There was an auction sale of a different class, not at all a notable one, just a few months ago, only eight miles from our home, at which there were opportunities such as one can ordinarily but dream of. Here, literally set down, are some of the prices at which sales were actually made, only fifty miles from New York.

A fine and ancient armoire, of dark oak, heavy, dignified, impressive, went for six dollars. Good armchairs, the kind which Sheraton himself called "fancy" chairs, light and delicate, painted, and with touches of gilt, sold for thirty-five cents each. Some mahogany chairs, of late Empire, were bid off at ten cents apiece less. An admirable mahogany chest of drawers, with oval brasses, was knocked down for one dollar! A plain chest of drawers of cherry, with wooden knobs on the drawers, was bid in for twenty-five cents.

Thus it is that the country auction tantalizes with its potentialities.

One day we set off to an old house upon one of the oldest roads of the countryside, a thoroughfare familiar to the troops of the Revolution.

The Price of Prosperity

But we found it a place where the penalty of too much prosperity had been paid. Generation after generation had thrown away the old and purchased new. There were but few things in the house for which a collector could care, and for those few the prices were run up by the dealers, and then, when they would go no higher, by a man who had come with apparently unlimited money and the intention of procuring a household furnishing of antiques. In one room was a fine old bellows. A number examined it appreciatively. The man who had come prepared to bid for everything openly admired it. It was of graceful shape, rather large, heavily bossed upon one side and showing a generous wealth of brass nails on its margins, and it possessed an unusually long and heavy and business-like brass nose. Naturally, it showed hard usage, and its leather showed holes. None the less, it was a distinct potential prize, one of the very few possibilities.

But the auctioneer, when he picked it up, saw only the holes in the leather; and so, to make a "lot" with it, he held up at the same time a spittoon of mottled brown crockery, past its prime. "How much am I bid for the lot?" he asked.

There was a sudden chill. All at once it seemed that nobody wanted a fine bellows, in spittoon environment. To the admirers of the bellows, including him of the plethoric purse, it seemed that they were asked to bid not on the bellows but upon its obnoxious associate.

"Ten cents!" There was no other bid, and the bellows was ours.

"No; I don't want the other;" and the auctioneer smiled appreciatively and handed the spittoon, as a gift, to a patriarchal farm-laborer in the front row, who bore it off in toothless glee.

It mattered not, now, that to the very rich had gone the very little of braided rug and acorn mirror and quaint old chairs which the sale had afforded. Our bellows for ten cents!—a bellows for which we had been prepared to bid high—had redeemed the day. It mattered not that there were holes in the leathers. By chance, by the fate that watches over true lovers of the old, there was a fine piece of sheepskin at home of size sufficient to make new leathers for it, and it took but an hour to do the work.

Considered simply as a money proposition, it would have been more economical to purchase a bellows in the regular way, instead of taking two persons and a horse, and an entire day, for a cross-country drive and an auction sale. But as it is we have a particularly fine bellows, which reminds us of a fine old house of the olden time and of the varied amusing experiences of a pleasant day.

At this same auction we missed an unusual opportunity. A great deal of carpet was put up in one lot: ingrain, of good quality, and not much worn, but of such colors and designs as to displease everybody through their glaring gaudiness. The entire lot was knocked down for a trivial sum, we looking on indifferently. And not until afterward did it occur to us that the carpet should have been bought; not to use as carpet, but to be cut into strips, and made, by the local weaver, into rugs; for it could have been done in such a way as to lose all the gaudiness and make the rugs of softly warm and attractive colors.

The City Auction-Room

There are some city auction sales which it is a satisfaction, and perhaps a pleasure, to look in upon: auctions at those shops which make a specialty of handling the antique. For at such places there is always the possibility of seeing just the piece you wish, and not a copy but a genuine original. Naturally, in the large cities there are likely to be so many people present as to make low prices unusual for desirable articles. But the prices are often very fair.

There are, too, sales in the city at the breaking up of a home. It has come to be rather the custom, however—at least in New York—for the sale of the furnishings of an old city home to be held at one of the principal auction-rooms. For the sale of special collections in this manner, catalogues are printed, often illustrated ones, and the articles are on preliminary exhibition for several days.

It is worth remembering that, at the large shops, the end of the day is likely to be the best. The auctioneer is tired, and begins to lessen his attempts to raise prices; and most of the people are restless and beginning to think, more or less actively, of home; many are actually leaving. Drop into the rooms just for those final psychic moments, and you may "learn something to your advantage," as the advertisements have it.

It was at such an hour in the late afternoon that six beautiful old blue dinner-plates were put up—plates worth at least a dollar each, and at ordinary prices two or three dollars. There was no competition, not a single opposing bid following the opening tentative one, and the plates came to us for ten cents apiece; and this in a sale at a fashionable shop where the wealthy congregate. It was at such a time that a dark blue teapot came to us for eighty cents, for which a dealer, who had missed noticing that it was up, at once offered us five dollars.

It is not always that purchases can be made for a little. The price that lies in antique buys, as Hood would have expressed it, has been the undoing of many a pocketbook. But it is interesting to know that such low prices are possible and that at no time need the buyer of moderate means go to a high extreme.

One of the most charming of the Elian essays expatiates on the pleasure that accompanies the purchase which is a triumph. A purchase is but a purchase when there is a plethoric purse, declares Elia, and he lovingly turns over and over—his immediate text being the gathering of some old china—the thought of the keen pleasure that accompanies the purchase exultant.

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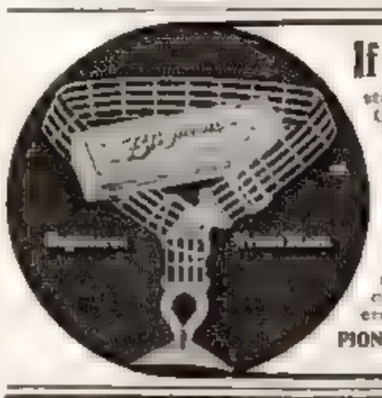

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THE FIGHTING CHANCE

(Continued from Page 8)

of quick intelligence, or of a humorous and idle perversity which stimulates without demanding.

Once, glancing back at the house where the T-cart and horses stood, she said that she had better return; or perhaps she only thought she said it, for he made no response that time. And a few moments later they reached the headland, and the Atlantic lay below—flowing azure from horizon to horizon—under a universe of depthless blue. And for a long while neither spoke.

With her the spell endured until conscience began to stir. Then she awoke, uneasy as always, under the shadow of restraint or pressure, until her eyes fell on him and lingered.

A subtle change had come into his face; its leanness struck her for the first time; that and an utter detachment from his surroundings, a sombre oblivion to everything—and to her.

How curiously had his face altered, how shadowy it had grown, effacing the charm of youth in it.

The slight amusement with which she had become conscious of her own personal exclusion grew to an interest tinged with curiosity.

The interest continued, but when his silence became irksome to her she said so very frankly. His absent eyes, still clouded, met hers, unsmiling.

"I hate the sea," he said.

"You—*hate* it!" she repeated, too incredulous to be disappointed.

"There's no rest in it; it tires. A man who plays with it must be on his guard every second. To spend a lifetime on it is ridiculous—a whole life of intelligent effort against perpetual, brutal, inanimate resistance—one endless and uninterrupted fight—a ceaseless human manœuvre against senseless menace; and then the counter-attack of the lifeless monster, the bellowing advance, the shock—and no battle won—nothing final, nothing settled; no! only the same eternal nightmare of surveillance, the same sleepless watch for stupid treachery."

"But—*you* don't have to fight it!" she said, astonished.

"No; but it is no secret—what it does to those who do. . . . Some escape; but only by dying ashore before it gets them. That is the way some of us reach Heaven; we die too quick for the Enemy to catch us."

He was laughing when she said: "It is not a fight with the sea; it is the battle of Life itself you mean."

"Yes, in a way, the battle of Life."

"Oh, you *are* morbid, then. Is there anybody ever born who has not a fight on his hands?"

"No; only I have known men tired out, unfairly, before Life had declared war on them."

"Just what do you mean?"

"Oh, something about fair play—what our popular idol summarizes as a 'square deal.'" He laughed again easily, his face clearing.

"Nobody worth a square deal ever laments because he hasn't had it," she said.

"I dare say that's true, too," he admitted listlessly.

"Mr. Siward, exactly what did you mean?"

"I was thinking of men I knew; for example, a man who through generations has inherited every impulse and desire that he should not harbor—a man with intellect enough to be aware of it, with decency enough to desire decency. . . . What chance has he with the storms which have been brewing for him even before he opened his eyes on earth? Is *that* a square deal?"

The troubled concentration of her face was reflected now in his own; the wind came whipping and flicking at them from league-wide, tossing wastes; the steady thunder of the sea accented the silence.

She said: "I suppose everybody has infinite capacity for decency or mischief. I know that I have. And I fancy that this capacity always remains, no matter how moral one's life may be. 'Watch and pray' was not addressed to the guilty alone, Mr. Siward."

"Oh, yes, of course. As for the balanced capacity for good and evil, how about the inherited desire for the latter?"

"Who is free from that, too? Do you suppose anybody really desires to be good?"

"You mean most people are so afraid not to be that virtue becomes a habit?"

"Perhaps. It's a plain business proposition anyway. It pays."

"Celestial insurance?" he asked, laughing.

"I don't know, Mr. Siward; do you?"

But he, turning to the sea, had become engrossed in his own thoughts again; and again she was first curious, then impatient at the ease with which he excluded her. She remembered, too, that the cart was waiting; that she had scarcely time now to make the train.

She stood irresolute, inert, disinclined to bestir herself. An inborn aptitude for drifting, which threatened to become a talent for indecision, had always alternated in her with sudden impulsive conclusions; and when her pride was involved, in decisions which sometimes scarcely withstood the analysis of reason.

Physically healthy, mentally unawakened, sentimentally incredulous, totally ignorant of any master passion, and conventionally drilled, her beauty and sweet temper had carried her easily on the frothy crest of her first season over the eligible and ineligible alike, leaving her at Lenox a rather tired and breathless girl in love with pleasure and the world which treated her so well.

The death of her mother abroad had made little impression upon her—her uncle, Major Belwether, having cared for her since her father's death, when she was ten years old. So, although the scandal of her mother's self-exile had been in a measure condoned by a marriage to the man for whom she had left everything, her daughter had grown up ignorant of any particular feeling for a mother she could scarcely remember.

However, she wore black and went nowhere for the second winter, during which time she learned a great deal concerning the unconventional proclivities of the women of her race and family, enough to impress her so seriously that on an exaggerated impulse she had come to one of her characteristic decisions.

That decision was to break the unsavory record at the first justifiable opportunity. And the opportunity came in the shape of Quarrier.

Now, approaching the threshold of a third and last season, and having put away her almost meaningless mourning, there had stolen into her sense of security something irksome in the promise she had made to give Quarrier a definite answer before winter.

Perhaps it had been the lack of interest in the people at Shotover, perhaps a mental review of her ancestors' capricious records—perhaps a characteristic impulse that had directed a telegram to Quarrier after a midnight confab with Grace Ferrall.

However it may have been, she had summoned him. And now he was on his way to get his answer—the best whip, the most eagerly discussed, and one of the wealthiest unmarried men in America.

Lingering irresolutely, considering with idle eyes the shadows lengthening across the sun-shot moorland, the sound of Siward's even voice aroused her from a meditation bordering on lassitude.

She answered vaguely. He spoke again; all the agreeable, gentle, humorous charm dominant once more—releasing her from the growing tension of her own thoughts, absolving her from the duty of immediate decision.

"I feel curiously lazy," she said; "perhaps from our long drive." She seated herself on the turf. "Talk to me, Mr. Siward—in that lazy way of yours."

What he had to say proved inconsequent enough, an irrelevant suggestion concerning the training of field-dogs for close covert work and the reasons for not breaking such dogs on quail. Then the question of cross-breeding came up, and he gave his opinion on the qualities of "droppers." To which she replied sleepily; and the conversation veered again toward the mystery of heredity and the hopelessness of escape from its laws as illustrated now by the Sagamore pup, galloping nose in the wind, having scented afar the traces of the forbidden rabbit.

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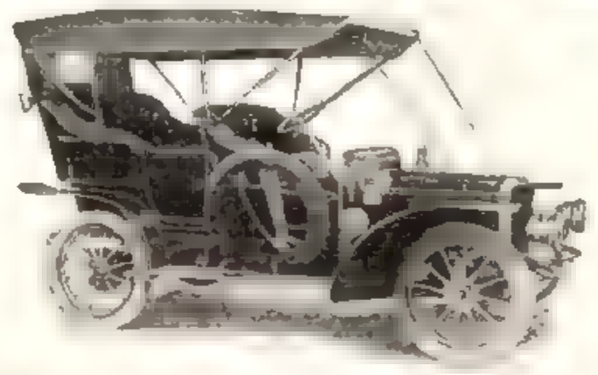

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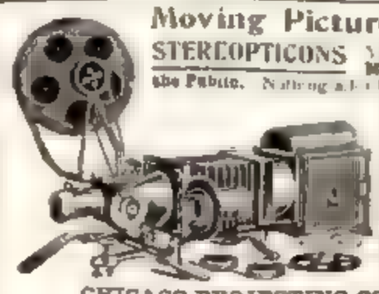

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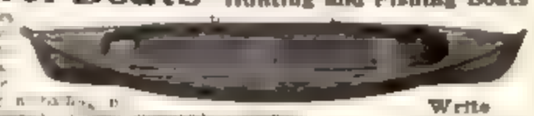

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to flatten out. Did you ever notice how many times a dog turns around before lying down? . . . And there goes the carefully-schooled Sagamore, chasing rabbits! Why? Because his wild ancestors chased rabbits. . . . Heredity? It's a steady, unseen, pulling, dragging force. Like lightning, too, it shatters, sometimes, where there is resistance."

"Do you mean, Mr. Siward, that heredity is an excuse for moral weakness?"

"I don't know. Those inheriting nothing of evil say it is no excuse."

"It *is* no excuse."

"You speak with authority," he said.

"With more than you are aware of," she murmured, not meaning to say it.

She stood up impulsively, her fresh face turned to the distant house, her rounded young figure poised in relief against the sky.

"Inherited or not, idleness, procrastination, are my besetting sins. Can't you suggest the remedy, Mr. Siward?"

"But they are only the thieves of Time; and we kill the poor old gentleman."

"Leagued assassins," she repeated pensively.

Her gown had caught on the cliff briers; he knelt to release it, she looking down, noting an ugly tear in the fabric.

"Payment for my iniquities—the first installment," she said, still looking down over his shoulder and watching his efforts to release her. "Thank you, Mr. Siward. I think we ought to start, don't you?"

He straightened up, smiling, awaiting her further pleasure. Her pleasure being capricious, she seated herself again, saying: "What I meant to say was this: evils that spring from heredity are no excuse for misconduct in people of our sort. Environment, not heredity, counts. And it's our business, who have every chance in the world, to make good!"

He looked down, amused at the piquant incongruity of voice and vernacular.

"What time is it?" she asked.

He glanced at his watch. She turned her eyes toward the level sun, conscious, and a little conscience-stricken that it was too late for her to drive to Black Fells Crossing—unless she started at once.

The sun hung low over the pines; all the scrubby foreland ran molten gold in every tufted furrow; flock after flock of little birds whirled into the briers and out again, scattering inland into undulating flight.

It grew stiller; the wind went down with the sun.

Doubtless he had forgotten to tell her the time; she had almost forgotten that she had asked him. With the silence of sunset a languor, the indolence of content, crept over her; she saw him close his watch with the absent-minded air which she already associated with him, and she let the question go from sheer disinclination for the effort of repetition—let the projected drive go—acquiescent, content that matters shape themselves without any interference from her.

They chatted on, casually, impersonally, in rather subdued tones. The dog returned now and then to see that all was well. All was well enough, it appeared, for she sat beside Siward, quite content, knees clasped in her hands, exchanging impressions of life with a man who so far had been sympathetically considerate in demanding from her no intellectual effort.

The conversation drifted illogically; sometimes he stirred her to amusement, even a hushed laughter; sometimes she smilingly agreed with his views; sometimes she let them go, uncriticised; or, intent on her own ideas, shook her small head in amused disapproval.

The stillness over all, the deepening mellow light, the blessed indolence of the young world—and their few years in it—Youth! That was perhaps the key to it all, after all.

"You know the majority of the people here, or coming, don't you?" she inquired.

"Who are they?"

She began: "The Leroy Mortimers?"

"Oh, yes."

"Lord Alderdene and Captain Voucher, and the Page twins and Marion?"

"Yes."

"Rena Bonnesdel, the Tassel girl, Agatha Caithness, Mrs. Vendenning—all sorts, all sets." And, with an effort: "If I'm to drive I should like—to—to know what time it is?"

He informed her; and she, too indolent to pretend surprise, and finding reproach easier, told him that he had no business to permit her to forget.

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His smiling serenity under the rebuke aroused in her a slight resentment as though he had taken something for granted.

Besides, she had grown uneasy; she had wired Quarrier, saying she would meet him and drive him over. He had replied at once, naming his train. He was an exact man, and expected method and precision in others. She didn't know how it might affect him if his reasonable demand was unsatisfied.

And, thinking of him now, she again made up her mind to give him the answer which he now had every reason to expect from her. This decision appeared to lubricate her conscience; it ran more smoothly now, emitting fewer creaks.

"You say that you know Mr. Quarrier?" she began thoughtfully.

"Not well."

"I—hope you will like him, Mr. Siward."

"I do not think he likes me, Miss Landis. He has reasons not to."

She looked up, suddenly remembering: "Oh—since that scrape? What has Mr. Quarrier to do——" She did not finish the sentence. A troubled silence followed; she was trying to remember the details.

She looked at Siward; it was impossible that anything very bad could come from such a man. And, pursuing her reasoning aloud: "It couldn't have been very awful," she argued; "something foolish about an actress, was it not? And that could not concern Mr. Quarrier."

"I thought you *did* know; I thought you—remembered—while you were driving me over from the station—that I was dropped from my club."

She flushed up: "Oh!—but—what had Mr. Quarrier to do with that?"

"He is a governor of that club."

"You mean that Mr. Quarrier had you—dropped?"

"What else could he do? A man who is idiot enough to risk making his own club notorious must take the consequences. And they say I took that risk. Therefore, Mr. Quarrier, Major Belwether—all the governors—did their duty. I—I naturally conclude that no governor of the Patroons Club feels very kindly toward me."

Miss Landis sat very still, her small head bent, a flush still brightening her fair face.

She recalled a few of the details now—the scandal—something of the story. Which particular actress it was she could not remember, but some men who had dined too freely had made the wager, and this boy sitting beside her had accepted it—and won it by bringing into the sacred precincts of the Patroons Club a foolish, shameless girl disguised in man's evening dress.

That was bad enough; that somebody promptly discovered it was worse; but worst of all was the publicity, the club's name smirched, the young man expelled from one of the two best clubs in the metropolis.

To read of such things in the columns of a daily paper had meant little to her except to repel her; to hear it mentioned among people of her own sort had left her incurious and indifferent. But now she saw it in a new light, with the man who had figured in it seated beside her. Did such men as he—such attractive, well-bred, amusing men as he—do that sort of thing?

There he sat, hat off, the sun touching his short, thick hair which waved a little at the temples—a boyish mould to head and shoulders, a cleanly outlined cheek and chin, a thoroughbred ear set close—a *good* face. What sort of a man, then, was a woman to feel at ease with? What eye, what mouth, what manner, what bearing was a woman to trust?

"*Is* that the kind of man you are, Mr. Siward?" she said impulsively.

"It appears that I was; I don't know what I am—or may be."

"The pity of it!" she said, still swayed by impulse. "*Why* did you do—didn't you know—realize what you were doing—bringing discredit on your own club?"

"I was in no condition to know, Miss Landis."

The crude brutality of the expression might merely have hurt or disgusted her had she been less intelligent. Nor, as it was, did she fully understand why he chose to use it—unless that he meant it in self-punishment.

"It's rather shameful!" she said hotly.

"Yes," he assented; "it's a bad beginning."

"A—*beginning!* Do you mean to go on?"

He did not reply; his head was partly turned from her. She sat silent for a while. The dog had returned to lie at Siward's feet, its brown eyes tirelessly watching the man it had chosen for its friend; and the man, without turning his eyes, dropped one hand on the dog's head, caressing the silky ears.

Some sentimentalist had once said that no man who cared for animals could be wholly bad. Inexperience inclined her to believe it. Then, too, she had that inclination for overlooking offenses committed against precept, which appears to be one of those edifying human traits peculiar to neither sex and common to both. Besides, her knowledge of such matters was as vague as her mind was healthy and body wholesome. Men who dined incautiously were not remarkable for their rarity; the actress habit, being incomprehensible to her, meant nothing; and she said innocently: "What men like you can find attractive in a common woman I do not understand; there are plenty of pretty women of your own sort. The actress cult is beyond my comprehension; I only know it is generally condoned. But it is not for such things that we drop men, Mr. Siward. You know that, of course."

"For what do you drop men?"

"For falsehood, deception, and any dishonesty."

"And you don't drop a man when you read in the papers that one of the two best clubs in town has expelled him?"

She gave him a troubled glance; and, naïvely: "But you are still a member of the other, are you not?" Then, hardening: "It was common! common!—thoroughly disgraceful and incomprehensible!"—and with every word uttered insensibly warming in her heart toward him whom she was chastening: "it was not even bad—it was worse than being simply bad; it was stupid!"

He nodded, one hand slowly caressing the dog's head where it lay across his knees.

She watched him a moment, hesitated; then, smiling a little: "So now I know the worst about you, do I not?" she concluded.

He did not answer; she waited, the smile still curving her red mouth. Had she been *too* severe? She wondered. "You may help me to my feet," she said sweetly. She was *very* young.

"Let me tell you something," she said, facing him, white hands loosely linked behind her. "I don't exactly understand how it has happened, but you know as well as I do that we have formed a—an acquaintance—the sort that under normal conditions requires a long time and several conventional and preliminary chapters. . . . I should like to know what *you* think of our performance."

"I think," he said laughing, "that it is charming."

"Oh, yes; men usually find the unconventional agreeable. What I want to know is why I find it so, too?"

"Do you?" A dull color stained his cheek-bones.

"Certainly I do. Is it because I've had a delightful chance to admonish a sinner—and be—just a little sorry—that he had made such a silly spectacle of himself?"

He laughed, wincing a trifle.

"Hence this agreeably righteous glow suffusing me," she concluded. "So now that I have answered my own question, I think that we had better go. . . . Don't you?"

They walked for a while, subdued, soberly picking their path through the dusk. After a few moments she began to feel doubtful, a little uneasy, partly from a reaction which was natural, partly because she was not at all sure what either Quarrier or Major Belwether would think of the terms she was already on with Siward. Suppose they objected? She had never thwarted either of these gentlemen. Besides, she already had a temporary interest in Siward—the interest that women always cherish, quite unconsciously, for a man whose shortcomings they have consented to overlook.

As they crossed the headland, through the deepening dusk the acetylene lamps on a cluster of motor cars spread a blinding light across the scrub. The windows of Shotover House were brilliantly illuminated.

"Our shooting-party has returned," she said.

As they entered the hall together she turned to him, an indefinable smile curving her lips; then, with a little nod, friendly and sweet, she left him standing at the open door of the gun-room.

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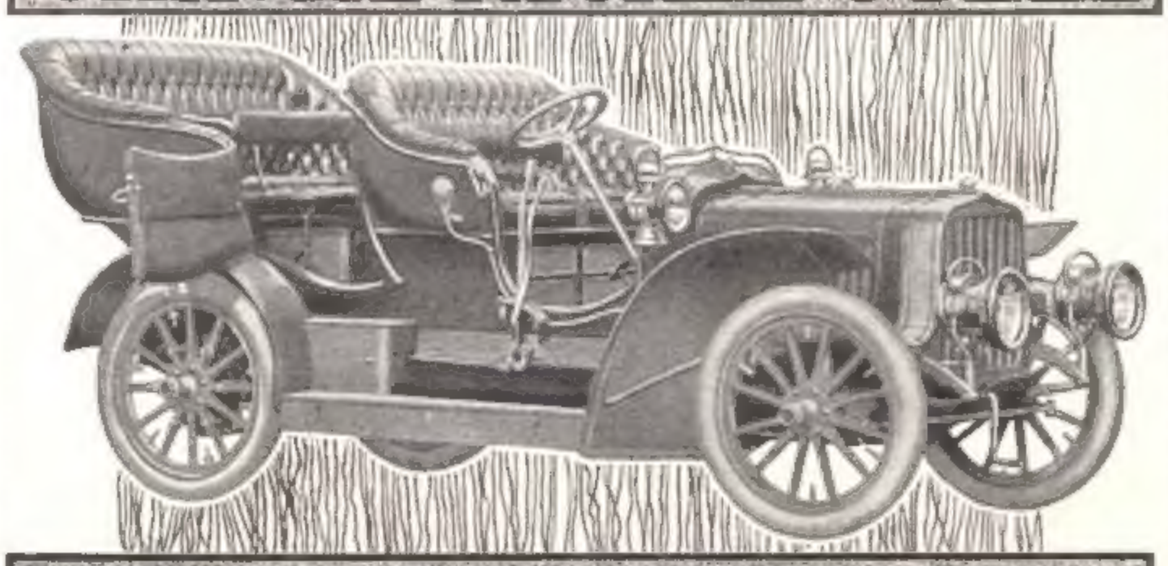

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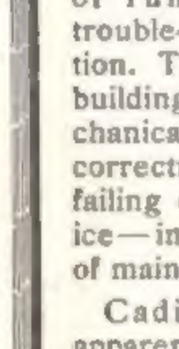

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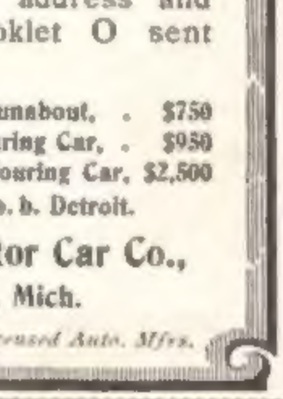

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